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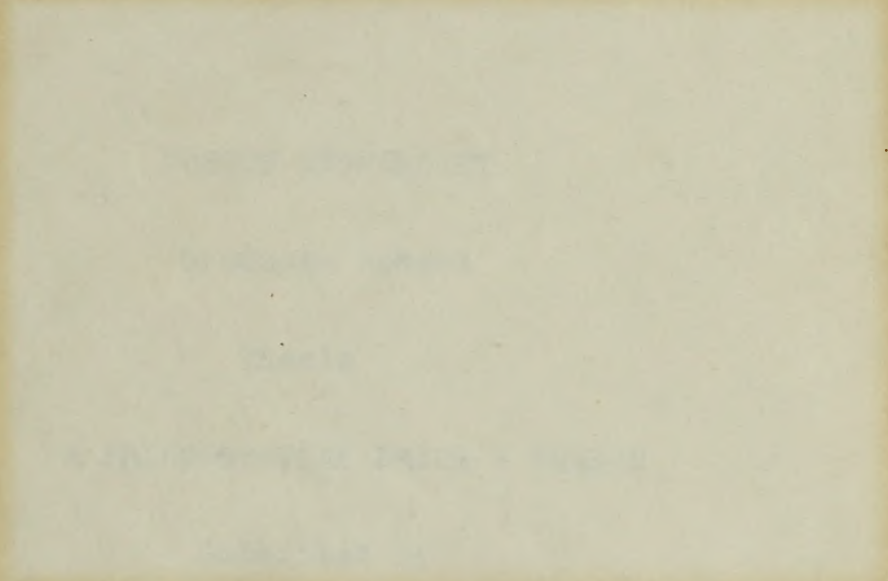
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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Graduate School

Thesis

A PHILOSOPHICAL DRAMA - THANIS

Submitted by

Ethel Gesner Rockwell

(B.S.in Ed., Boston, 1928)

In partial fulfilment of requirements for

the degree of Master of Arts

1929

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Graduate School

Thesis

A PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS OF THE

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Second General Assembly

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A series of papers for

the degree of Master of Arts

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OUTLINE

PART ONE

Introduction

- 1 - The field of historical drama
 - a - Philosophic or Germanic type
History in dramatic form
 - b - Non-philosophic or Latin type
Drama in historical form
 - c - Discussion of the philosophical
type and the relation to it of
the play Thanis
- 2 - Method and treatment
The technique of transformation
through the dramatic idea

PART TWO

The play - Thanis

- 1 - Persons represented, Time, Place
- 2 - Act one
- 3 - Act two
- 4 - Act three

PART THREE

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CHAPTER

PART ONE

Introduction

- 1 - The field of electrical circuits
- 2 - The classification of electrical circuits
- 3 - The classification of electrical circuits
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- 5 - The classification of electrical circuits
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The following are the classification of electrical circuits

PART TWO

The circuit - The circuit

- 1 - The circuit - The circuit
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- 3 - The circuit - The circuit
- 4 - The circuit - The circuit

PART THREE

Electrical

PART ONE

Introduction

1947-1948
1949-1950

1 - The field of historical drama

To transform material artistically, according to a unifying idea, is the task of the dramatist who would use the field of history in his art.

He may approach his field in one of two directions. The first will lead him to the philosophic or Germanic type of play, or history in dramatic form; the second to the non-philosophic or Latin type, or drama in historical form.

a - The philosophic or Germanic type

If he finds himself concerned with a serious and realistic conception of history, which places the center of gravity in the historical element, and finds himself endeavoring to interpret the historical period, events or persons not merely from the standpoint of immediate causes, but from the view of the general world-meaning of that with which he deals, he will have entered the field of the philosophic drama.

b - The non-philosophic or Latin type

But if he finds that for him the center of gravity lies in a merely humanly sympathetic interpretation without an attempt to relate this interpretation to the universal, he will have become a part of the non-philosophic, Latin movement, which deals with drama in historical form.

1 - The field of historical drama

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a unifying idea, is the task of the dramatist and
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tions. The first will lead him to the philosophic
or historic type of play, or history in dramatic
form; the second to the non-philosophic or Latin
type, or drama in historical form.

2 - The philosophic or historic type

It is this kind of play which is a work-
ing and realistic conception of history,
which places the center of gravity in the
historical element, and finds itself in-
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iod, events or persons not merely from the
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the view of the general mind-working of
that which he deals, he will have en-
tered the field of the philosophic drama.

3 - The non-philosophic or Latin type

But if he finds that for him the center of
gravity lies in a merely humanly over-
sight interpreted without an attempt
to relate this interpretation to the uni-
versal, he will have become a part of the
non-philosophic, Latin movement, which deals
with drama in historical form.

c - Discussion of the philosophic type and the relation to it of the play Thanis.

In the play Thanis, dealing with the life and world-period of St. Augustine, the philosophic interpretation of historical events has been attempted. It is an endeavor to trace an inner meaning which relates itself to the long story of human living.

Philosophic drama deals with the creation of real characters, alive as men of our own day are alive, actuated by the same motives and played upon by the same spiritual forces. We are shown history from the standpoint of humanization, of living struggle. The historian makes his discoveries by research; the dramatist bases upon these discoveries a living, moving, motivated struggle, wrested from its sources, human beings, by intuitive penetration. The dramatist must create for us history a second time; he must give us not so much the bare facts, but translate us directly into the life of a period.

There are in history certain dramatic moments, certain phases of development, which arrest the dramatist's attention to conflict, certain moments when a man suddenly stands out as a comic or a tragic fingerpost; points of time when history itself becomes dramatic, even theatrical. Such a point was the breaking up

2 - Character of the philosophical type and the
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certain moments when a man suddenly stands out
as a noble or a tragic figure; realize it
time when history itself becomes dramatic, even
theatrical. Such a point was the breaking up

of the pagan world and the fusing of the old life into what was to become the new.

The problem is that of discovering the hidden meaning behind the sensible facts of the period and its representatives and of clothing this meaning in dramatic form. The dramatist must establish belief in the actuality and inevitability of the decisions he brings into the lives of his characters. He must illuminate what lies behind the facts. The events he selects must be dramatically concentrated and reflect this hidden meaning. There must be much selection, the elimination of many scenes which form no integral part in the history of the hero's fate. There must be a union of historic realism with vitalizing realism. There must be an attempt at serious interpretation, not merely exact reproduction. He must seek to embody not the more obvious lessons of history, but as far as is possible universal truths. Material facts will do two things: they will quicken in the mind of the dramatist his own living flame of intuition, and they will reveal to the audience the vision of the past that stood out in the writer's own mind.

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mind.

2 - Method and treatment

The technique of transformation through the dramatic idea

In the soul of the dramatist the play gradually takes shape out of the crude material furnished by the account of some striking event. Gustav Freytag, an early modern German dramatist and critic, has expressed in simple terms what he calls the dramatic idea. "First appear single movements: internal conflicts and personal resolutions, a deed fraught with consequence, the collision of two characters, the opposition of a hero to his surroundings, rise so prominently above his connection with other incidents, that they become the occasion for the transformation of other material. This transformation goes on to such an extent that the main element, vividly perceived, is separated from all that casually accompanies it, and with single supplementary invented elements, is brought into a unifying relation of cause and effect. The new unit which arises is the idea of the drama.---This idea works with a power of crystalization. Through it are unity of action, significance of characters, and at last the whole structure of the drama produced. There are inventions which seem like supplementary additions, but through this remodeling an occurrence in real life becomes a dramatic idea.

2 - Method and treatment

The technique of transformation through the

transcendental idea

In the soul of the dramatist the idea grows

and takes shape out of the crude material for

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trivial, an early modern German dramatist and critic

has expressed in simple terms what he calls the first

basic idea. "First moment, simple movement, later

and conflicts and personal resolutions, a short

tragedy with consequences, the collision of two char-

acters, the opposition of a hero to his surroundings,

then so prominently above his connection with other

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mation goes on to such an extent that the main idea

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casually accompanies it, and with simple language

very intricate elements, is brought into a uni-

fied relation of cause and effect. The new unit

which arises is the idea of the drama.--This idea

works with a power of crystallization. Through it

the unity of action, distinctness of characters,

and at last the whole structure of the drama pro-

duced. There are intentions which were like sug-

gestions, but through this crystallization

an occurrence in real life becomes a dramatic idea.

"While freely inventing, the dramatist introduces an internal consistency. From the inception of the dramatic idea onward, the real occurrence is unessential; the controlling forces of the piece are no longer accidental and to be found in a single occurrence; they could enter into a hundred cases, and with the accepted characters and the assumed connection, the outcome would always be the same."⁽¹⁾

After the establishing of this dramatic idea, the procedure is one of selective creation; the chief characters are developed, given distinct individualities; accessory figures are assembled, new impulses are given to the action; the connection of the material with much that is external must be established, "Whoever describes the life of a man, whoever makes an exposition of a section of past time, must set in order his mass of material from an established point of view, must sift out the unessential, must make prominent the most essential. Still more he must seek to comprehend the contents of a human life or a period of time; he must take pains to discover ultimate characteristics and intimate connection of events. ---He must supplement what has been delivered to him, and so explain the unintelligible that its probable and possible meaning is evident."⁽²⁾

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(2)
meaning is evident."

To the historian, the event itself, with its significance for the human mind, seems of most importance. To the dramatist, the highest value lies in his own invention. Given a vivid interest in a person, the dramatist treats events as so much raw material; he must reconstruct, so that he brings the deeds and life of his hero into perfectly intelligible and striking connection.

- (1) From Gustav Freytag's Die Technik des Dramas, quoted in European Theories of the Drama, by Barrett H. Clark, p.354. (Cincinnati, Stewart and Kidd Co., 1918).
- (2) Ibid., pp. 356, 357.

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- (1) From Oliver Reiser's Die Technik des
Dramas, quoted in American Theatricals of
the Drama, by Barrett J. Clark, n.d.
(Philadelphia, Stewart and Kidd Co., 1918).
- (2) Ibid., pp. 222, 223.

THE DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS

Characters: — a list of names and brief descriptions of characters.
Scene: — a list of scenes and brief descriptions of scenes.
Act I: — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act II: — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act III: — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
PART II

The drama is Thanis

Scene: — a list of scenes and brief descriptions of scenes.
Act I: — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act II: — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act III: — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.

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Act I — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act II — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.

Act III — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act IV — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.

Act V — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.
Act VI — a list of acts and brief descriptions of acts.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED

In order of their appearance

Romanianus	a nobleman of Milan, friend and patron of Augustine
Festus	a nobleman of Rome
Socius	servant to Augustine
Monnica	afterwards known as St. Monnica, mother of Augustine
Augustine	afterwards known as St. Augustine and Bishop of Hippo
Gilda	servant to Thanis
Adeodatus	son to Augustine and Thanis
Thanis	mother of Augustine's son, daughter of Albicerius, an astrologer of Carthage and Milan
Manlius Theodorus	wealthy nobleman of Milan
Ilderda	daughter to Manlius
Marya	servant to Monnica
Sita	servant to Thanis
Ambrose	Bishop of Milan

Two priests, two taper bearers, two censer bearers,
procession of neophytes, mob off stage.

TIME

387 A. D.

PLACE

Milan

Act I - court and garden of Augustine's house.
From early morning until sunset.

Act II- shrine of Albicerius the astrologer.
Evening and night of the same day.

Act III- the Ambrosian Basilica.
The next day.

Act I

Setting

Outer court of Augustine's house, Milan. At right and left, low windows looking out on a garden; couches, with silken draperies and decorated hanging lamps over them, are near the windows on both sides. At back, white columns, leaving the whole open to the lake, which shows in the distance. In the daytime these columns are backed with silk curtains of delicate green, which casts a soft light over every object. They are so thin that the slightest breath of air finds its way into the room. A little to the left of the middle of the room is a fountain, throwing up streams of perfumed water. Between the windows, right and left, in niches, are statues in lovely graceful attitudes. Astarte is near the fountain, toward the center. Attendants place in their hands flowers in such a way that they seem to be offering them to the passerby. Beside a couch, right, is a small table, on it a little lamp placed in the middle of flowers around the sides of a vase. Palms and other tropical shrubs make the court seem like an extension of the gardens which may be seen through the windows. Entrances right, back, from house; back, all the way across, to a terrace and the lake.

As the curtain rises, it is very early morning. Dawn is just streaking the sky over the lake. The stage is empty. Voices are heard outside, at back: shouts, laughter, drunken brawling.

VOICES

- Down with them!
- Barbarians! Beasts of Goths!
- By the blood of the martyrs! The basilica belongs to Ambrose!
- Ambrose! Ambrose!
- Thou rag of a man! Justina will have thee drawn and quartered! Down with Ambrose!
- The basilica for Ambrose!
- Health and prosperity to Justina! Justina! the noble empress-mother!

- It is easier to make a drinking-vessel out of the skull of a flea than to make an honest man out of such a villainous night-walker as thou art!
- Honor to the citizens of Milan!
- Death to all Gothic invaders!
- By the soul of the emperor, pick the bones of that Goth!
- Health and prosperity to Romanianus, our noble entertainer!
- Romanianus! Romanianus!

(Romanianus bursts in, holding at arm's length a husky Gothic soldier. The soldier's hands are bound with cords; Romanianus is half drunk; laughing, he waves and shouts a last greeting to the crowd outside; he staggers, and falls on to a bench by the pillars.

ROMANIANUS

By the hand of Bacchus! may the vintage sour on you all! To the basilica with you, if you want to defend it.

(He rises and waves unsteadily to the crowd outside) Yes - to you all - prosperity! (Drunkenly) - To everybody - health and prosperity! You'll excuse Alaric here - (he points to the Goth) - he meant no harm - just doin's duty - had to protect the royal mother, Justina -

(He turns back to the court, sounds outside die away in the distance)

Sit down, Alaric - (he staggers to a couch and falls on it) - si' down!

(The Goth does not move, except to draw a bit into the shadow of a pillar)

Si' down! Our vigorous friends mean no harm, they'll go on and have a merry sleep when the day is broad, Don' be afraid, or uncomfortable - no - don' be uncomfortable - turn 'round here, I want to look at you - yes - want to see what the gods have given me for my night's prize.

(He rises unsteadily and goes closer, facing the Goth) He staggers back, roars with laughter)

-- Festus! it is our noble Festus! Ha, ha, ha! By the girdle of Venus! Festus! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FESTUS

Romanianus! Hst! It is not well that I be known here!

ROMANIANUS

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Never would have known you - never would have known you in the garden of the gods! Justina picked a good one to aid her in her schemes this time!

So you're a Goth now - ha,ha,ha!

(Festus laughs with him, but quietly)

Well don't talk - don't talk to anyone about anything!
When you think you're talking to friends, you're talking
to enemies, an' when you're talking to enemies - by
the soul of the emperor! they pay no attention to you!
Ha,ha,ha,ha! - no 'ten~~tion~~tion to you! ha,ha,ha! By the
gods! you can't talk here - you're a Goth! Can't even
understand us! Ha,ha! Well, Romanianus will never
give you away, never.

FESTUS

Do more for me than that, since you've brought me
here. I've something important to say to Thanis.
Arrange it so in some way I shall see her.

ROMANIANUS

Dangerous - dangerous business. I think Monnica
already suspects her. Do you think I would let any
unnecessary trouble come to Thanis?

FESTUS

Do you think I would bring any unnecessary trouble
to Thanis?

ROMANIANUS

Now don't get sulphurous. Though I haven't unbound
your hands yet!

FESTUS

It's about time you did, don't you think!

ROMANIANUS

Well, no hurry. Let's have something to drink.

(He claps his hands - pause - claps again)

New slave laws ought to be made. Some of these
fellows might as well join the gangs of robbers in-
festing our woods! (Slave comes running) Ah, Socius!

(Slave bows to ground, sees the Goth, recoils
in fear)

Oh yes - yes, Socius - this is - this is Alaric!

Ha,ha! Not the great Alaric, you und'stand, just a
gracious relative! He had duties to perform in the
service of Justina. Loose his hands, Socius - he
won't hurt you - he's noble-hearted youth, a noble-
minded Goth - cut the ropes.

(Socius cuts the cords. Romanianus sits on couch)

Socius, is the noble lady Monnica in, or out, or up,
or somewhere? It is still early, but errands of mercy
will not let her indulge in sleep - ah no. Never was
one like Monnica for good deeds. Know you of her?

SOCIUS

She yet sleeps, my lord.

ROMANIANUS

I want her to meet Alaric here - (Festus glowers) -
ha,ha,ha! She'll appreciate Alaric! The saintly

Monnica - hurry up with that wine, Socius - noble in the service of our good Bishop Ambrose, will be glad to have under her roof one who so bravely serves Justina in her quarrel with the noble Bishop! Ha,ha! Monnica will rejoice!

(Socius brings wine to Romanianus.)

By Bacchus! 'tis good to drink once more. Give to Alaric.

(Socius stands dumbfounded, questioning with a look) Yes - yes - he's had a hard night's work guarding the basilica. Let him Drink. Sit down, Alaric.

(Socius takes wine to Festus)

Monnica will be coming soon. You must bow before her- (he rises and bows unsteadily) - everybody bows to Monnica. I do mind me how even Patricious, her husband, a good fellow, bowed in the end to Monnica - and then he died! Socius, draw the shades. Day comes too fast and the sun is hot.

(Socius busies himself with the curtains back of the pillars)

Yes, Monnica's very wonderful - the strong and ardent believer, who carries her god in her heart and stretches out helping hands to the poor and to those who are in need. Ah, Socius, a little more wine. Just so. Monnica, whose tears flow night and day that her son Augustine may follow in her footsteps, in the service of the church. And Augustine? Ha,ha,ha! Augustine likes wine, and the women! Why worry so about the gods, I say - (he drinks again)- the old gods are good enough for me - why try new? But Monnica would have us all worship the true god. Huh! where is he? Where is he, I say? Ha,ha,ha!

(Dawn has deepened, it is now light. Enter Monnica from the house door. She is dressed in a long dark robe and mantle, ready to go out. She comes toward Romanianus, and suddenly seeing him, stops.)

MONNICA

Romanianus!

ROMANIANUS

(Bowing low) - Most noble Monnica!

(Monnica sees the Goth)

MONNICA

Romanianus! are we attacked? is it -

ROMANIANUS

May the noble lady pardon the early guest! I bring to you Alaric, seeking shelter and safety.

MONNICA

Alaric!

ROMANIANUS

Be seated, most regal one.

(He bows elaborately and with his hand motions to the seat near the statue of Astarte. Monnica puts out a deprecating hand and sits on the fountain-curb. Romanianus sits on the couch again.)

MONNICA

Does this come from the noise and confusion I heard as I was awaking? What was it?

ROMANIANUS

Be not disturbed, it was but an early morning riot at the basilica, most noble Monnica.

MONNICA

A riot! the basilica - what happened? Ambrose - ?

ROMANIANUS

Ambrose, the most reverend bishop, is safe within, with many of the faithful around him.

MONNICA

But I knew nothing -

ROMANIANUS

(Sarcastically) - Ambrose, I regret to say, was not informed of the occurrence beforehand!

MONNICA

But the issue?

ROMANIANUS

Alaric here is one of the issues. I am preserving him. As an issue, would you like to meet him?

MONNICA

Romanianus! As nobleman of Rome, as friend and patron of my dead husband and of my son Augustine, as friend on all these accounts to myself, will you not tell me with simplicity and directly, what has happened?

ROMANIANUS

(Sitting on the fountain-curb beside her) - For you to command is for me to obey, most noble Monnica.

MONNICA

Speak, Romanianus.

ROMANIANUS

(Strokes his hair and looks thoughtful) - I wonder - I seem to have told somebody something about this affair. I don't quite remember. Was it you? I was talking -

MONNICA

Wine-bibbing is too much your custom. You were probably babbling to the servants, or to your new

friend here.

ROMANIANUS

I dispute not, noble one. The delight of one's lawless desires seems to take no forethought for the safety of one's secrets.

(Monnica shows signs of impatience)

But we will assume that I have told you nothing. Know, then. Justina, the revered mother of our noble emperor, having a strong feeling that someone other than Ambrose should be the esteemed Bishop of Milan, determined to have at least one basilica where the priests of her own faith might conduct worship.

MONNICA

But all that is known to me, Romanianus.

ROMANIANUS

As I feared! But not knowing where to begin -

MONNICA

Go on.

ROMANIANUS

Did you know that the noble Justina surrounded the basilica with a Gothic guard, our friend here helping, and that Ambrose, discreet as well as devout, remained inside for a space - probably doing what bishops usually do -

MONNICA

As one of the holy bishop's followers and most ardent admirers, all this have I followed with interest and pain. Only yesterday I was in the basilica all day, praying before God's most holy altar. It is a time of tribulation for the church; but our faith will triumph gloriously over all others, over paganism, over Justina, in the end. If you will but tell me of this riot, Romanianus -

ROMANIANUS

Oh yes - I'm coming to the riot. It's a pity Ambrose and Justina couldn't have had it by themselves!

MONNICA

Romanianus ! I beg of you -

ROMANIANUS

Granted! The Goths got restless about dawn. We were coming home from a banquet and some of our followers might have seemed a bit excited and suggested danger to the guard, though we were all a peaceful lot, swearing by the proper gods of Rome. Why should we worry about the gods, or their defenders?

MONNICA

And then -

ROMANIANUS

The first thing I knew there was some shouting and Alaric here had broken one of the columns. Jupiter! that Goth is strong!

(He looks at Festus, still leaning in the shadow of the pillar, rather sulky)
Ha, ha, ha!

MONNICA

Could you refrain from oaths in my presence?

ROMANIANUS

(Rises and bows low) - Your pardon, noble Monnica.
(He sits) - The Goths were driven out, and the guard of Ambrose -

MONNICA

We are then successful?

ROMANIANUS

We were then successful - I don't know what happened next, because I brought Alaric here for safe keeping.

(Monnica rises and speaks coldly. Romanianus rises also.)

MONNICA

Here? You chose a strange place to bring him. Why should you bring him here?

ROMANIANUS

Monnica! All who know you look upon you as one ready to comfort the fatherless, the afflicted -

MONNICA

Enough! Shall holy works done unto God be a blasphemy unto you?

ROMANIANUS

Most gracious lady, I -

MONNICA

Let this Gothic slave be removed from my dwelling. He is your responsibility, do with him as seems unto you fit.

ROMANIANUS

But if Justina should require him at your hands -

MONNICA

He has nothing to do with my hands, nor has Justina. I serve the church, the most holy and merciful God, whose representative is Ambrose, chosen to be leader of his people. Let him be taken away. (She motions to Festus.)

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STORY.

(Romanianus claps his hands, Socius appears.)

MONNICA

Remove this slave.

(Romanianus goes to them, speaks low to Socius.)

SOCIUS

It is well, gracious lady.

(Socius and Festus go out. Romanianus prepares to follow but Monnica detains him.)

MONNICA

I would speak with you. Was Augustine with you tonight?

(A young and lovely slave girl comes in, her hands filled with flowers. Monnica removes her attention from Romanianus, who pauses and waits. The girl goes unobtrusively to one of the statues and starts to change the flowers. Monnica turns, so as to keep her in view. As the girl starts to work, Monnica speaks.)

MONNICA

Gilda!

(Gilda bows low, her hands still full of flowers.)

GILDA

Most gracious lady Monnica.

MONNICA

Were you bidden to come here at this hour?

GILDA

Yes, my lady, to change the flowers. The lady Thanis, my mistress -

ROMANIANUS

Ha, ha! Were Thanis but your mistress alone, my girl-

(With a move of her hand Monnica silences Romanianus)

MONNICA

Thanis understands that this heathen ceremony is not to be performed in my presence. You will wait until I have gone elsewhere.

GILDA

Yes, my lady. Shall I - (she hesitates, looking at her flowers) - take them away?

MONNICA

Take them away.

(Gilda goes out. Romanianus throws her a kiss behind Monnica's back.)

MONNICA

(Sitting again) -To return to my question about

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my son, Augustine. Did I have your answer?

ROMANIANUS

I think Thanis may be the answer. He was not with me.

MONNICA

Your flippancy, Romanianus, intrudes at a time when I am in deep concern.

ROMANIANUS

Let my flippancy and the intrusion be requited seven-fold. I wait but to receive your command, Monnica. Is Augustine the object of your concern, or Thanis, the lovely pagan mother of his son?

MONNICA

Both. Though Thanis is of concern but for her influence upon my son.

(Monnica rises, evidently in strong emotion which she is trying to control. She goes to the columns, back, and stands looking out. Turning, she passes the fountain.

Romanianus rises.

She goes to the windows, right, her back to Romanianus. Turning once more, she faces him, indicating the flower-decked statues as she speaks.)

All this - you can see; in my son's house, my home; this devotion to paganism, this blatant forcing upon me of a sacrifice to heathen gods.

(The sound of soft music is heard; through the entrance where Gilda just returned into the house appears a boy of about twelve. He is light and small, graceful, has lustrous dark eyes, olive skin. He wears a tunic of delicate green, embroidered with various symbols: a full moon, a palm, a horse, a fish, a triangle, a dove. He carries a small gold lute, which he is strumming as he comes in. He pauses when he sees Romanianus and Monnica.)

ROMANIANUS

Adeodatus!

(Adeodatus goes to Romanianus and drops on one knee before him. Romanianus places his hand on the child's head.)

Little god! How's the lute this lovely morning?

ADEODATUS

It's very happy this morning, noble Romanianus. I think it's because my mother is happy.

(He goes to Monnica, kneels, kisses the hem of her robe. She stretches her right arm over him

My dear, I have your letter.
I think I shall be able to do it.
I am not sure.

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My dear, I have your letter.
I think I shall be able to do it.
I am not sure.

My dear, I have your letter.
I think I shall be able to do it.
I am not sure.

in blessing.)

ADEODATUS

You see, father -

MONNICA

Adeodatus, my child. Grandmother wants to talk with Romanianus now.

ADEODATUS

(Moving quickly toward the house) - I'm sorry, grandmother. I didn't know you were here. You're usually gone on errands of mercy so early. I come every morning to play by the fountain while Gilda changes the flowers. I thought it was Gilda here. Goodbye, Romanianus, goodbye, grandmother. (He raises his right arm in salute.) I'll find Gilda.

(There is a moment's pause. Monnica moves toward the fountain.)

MONNICA

The child of my son, my Augustine's son, beautiful, gifted, and what? Born and brought up a pagan.

(She sinks upon the fountain curb and for a moment buries her face in her hands.)

ROMANIANUS

You must grant, Monnica, that he is well- born, such grace and beauty come not from common stock. No one can accuse Thanis of being common, at least.

(Monnica raises her head and faces him.)

MONNICA

Common! what is common? Is it not both common and unclean, as God looks upon his children, that the mistress of my son and the mother of his child should be the daughter of an astrologer, a heathen consulter of the stars? that she should claim descent from Tanith, the greatest female deity of ancient Tyre?

ROMANIANUS

But that is distinction, not commonness.

MONNICA

Distinction! the distinction of blasphemy and worse than godlessness!

ROMANIANUS

(Roused at last to seriousness) - But you can't just cast away the ancient gods like that.

MONNICA

Had I the power, think not I would not use it.

But they are doomed.

ROMANIANUS

But why worry over Adeodatus? He's as perfect as a child of fourteen could very well be.

MONNICA

What is outward perfection? He knows not the true God. How can he? Everything is done to preserve in him the traditions of his mother. Look at his little tunic - embroidered all over with pagan symbols: the disc of the full moon, the palm, the horse, the triangle, the dove. He knows the meaning of every one.

ROMANIANUS

Can't you teach him the meaning of yours, too?

MONNICA

I ? Am I ever allowed to have him? Thanis watches him night and day. He is kept from me unless in the company of his mother.

ROMANIANUS

But what about Augustine?

MONNICA

What about Augustine? You should know that. As if Thanis were not enough to bring about his downfall, he is constantly with you.

ROMANIANUS

(Half-laughing, amused, a bit embarrassed)- Well, I -

MONNICA

Romanianus - you know how I understand what you have done for Augustine, how much you did for Patricious. Augustine owes everything to you, his education in Carthage, his professorship here in Milan as a rhetorician, this house -

ROMANIANUS

Oh never mind all that -

MONNICA

But it has to be considered, your kindness, your fellowship. But one thing is lacking, Romanianus: if you but worshipped the one true God!

ROMANIANUS

Um - yes. If one god is good to worship, why shouldn't more be better? I have more than one, though to one I grant supremacy.

MONNICA

Ah, Romanianus! how often have I heard Patricious say that!

ROMANIANUS

Patricious was a wise man.

MONNICA

Wise in his own conceits, but not with the wisdom from on high. But that is of the past now. It is of Augustine I speak and think. It is for him I pray at early dawn and set of sun.

ROMANIANUS

You would have him enter the church?

MONNICA

I would have him enter the kingdom of God.

ROMANIANUS

Yes - just so. Yes, I see. Do you mind? It grows warm.

(He pours himself wine.)

And Augustine seems not to be minded toward the church?

MONNICA

Romanianus! you know only too well the allurements of the life you would have him join in with you, the laughter and feasting and revelry, the wine-cups and the women. It is like last night - returning at dawn, with a fawning rabble making drunken hideousness in your wake.

ROMANIANUS

Yes, yes, but Monnica, we saved the basilica, you know.

MONNICA

Saved it! It is more to be imagined you provoked the attack!

ROMANIANUS

I protest -

MONNICA

To protest is but to argue, facts bespeak themselves. Tell me - have you not noticed a more than ordinary restlessness about my son of late?

ROMANIANUS

I had noticed nothing unusual. (He speaks eagerly) Would you like to have me consult an astrologer about it?

MONNICA

(Rising in anger) - Romanianus! how can you speak so in my presence?

ROMANIANUS

I protest - I meant no evil.

MONNICA

It is an evil even to speak of so madly pagan a thing.

...and the ...

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...I would ...

...You ...

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Oh - I cannot -

(She takes from her girdle a handkerchief, presses it to her eyes and goes to a couch near the opposite windows. Romanianus rises and follows her. He drops on one knee before her as she stands overcome.)

ROMANIANUS

Esteemed Monnica! noble lady! Forgive me, I pray you. I will never mention the subject again, I will even ask the astrologers to implore the stars to - not to - oh -

(He pauses, hopelessly tangled, abjectly and absurdly confused.
Monnica wipes her eyes, returns her handkerchief to her girdle, extends her hand toward Romanianus, who raises it and kisses her fingers.)

MONNICA

Enough - rise, Romanianus. It is only that Augustine is heavy at heart with the restlessness of sin and separation from God and his righteous forgiveness. He must be saved - he will be saved. God has promised me his soul.

(Romanianus, who has risen at her command, fans himself with the end of his girdle.)

ROMANIANUS

By the saints, martyrs and relics! I call that the favor of the gods, in all assurance!

(Monnica looks uplifted, her eyes see afar off)

MONNICA

Romanianus, listen. I have had a dream.

(Romanianus sits by the fountain)

ROMANIANUS

Tell it me, noble Monnica.

(Gilda comes in softly by the pillars, behind Monnica, facing Romanianus. She looks at the statues, at her flowers, then back to Monnica. On tiptoe she peers over Monnica's shoulder at Romanianus.)

MONNICA

I dreamed -

(Gilda pretends to toss a rose to Romanianus. He raises his head and half extends his hand. Monnica looks straight at him, turns; Gilda has disappeared.)

ROMANIANUS

The wind moved the curtain, my lady.

MONNICA

(Turning back again) - I dreamed that as I wept and lamented for my son, my feet were planted on a wooden rule; and there came toward me a radiant youth, smiling upon me. He asked the reason of my tears. I told him I was bewailing the perdition of my son; whereupon he bade me be of good comfort, to look and see; for where I was, there was my son also. I looked, and saw Augustine standing by my side on the same rule.

(Monnica pauses, rapt with happiness.)

ROMANIANUS

(Puzzled) - Standing on a rule; yes; standing on a rule -

(He looks at her, utterly uncomprehending)

MONNICA

(Explaining patiently) - The rule is the true faith. My son was standing beside me in the same faith.

ROMANIANUS

Oh! - oh yes! Nobly said, Monnica, nobly wept. Well, - that makes it all right, then.

MONNICA

But much labor may have to be accomplished before this is true. I must do my part, Romanianus, you must do yours.

ROMANIANUS

(Alarmed) - By the happy stars, yes. I - yes. Where shall I begin? I can't very well talk to him about it, can I. Now if it were Thanis -

(Monnica sits, facing him, speaking very seriously)

MONNICA

Romanianus, it is Thanis.

(Romanianus leans toward her, lost in bewilderment)

ROMANIANUS

Yes, I see. It was Augustine, then myself; then it was the rule, now it is Thanis. Quite clearly we'll have to be getting somewhere before long.

MONNICA

Thanis is the one obstacle, now, to the conversion of my son. She alone stands in the path of his salvation.

ROMANIANUS

I'm afraid I don't quite see what you mean.

MONNICA

(With growing firmness and conviction) - Augustine

THEY WERE MOVED TO THE ...

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is still held to this unhallowed faith of paganism by Thanis.

ROMANIANUS

We will not question but Thanis is strong in her faith.

MONNICA

Moreover the time is now come for a young man of Augustine's promise in his profession to add unto himself the power and prestige which comes from a suitable marriage.

ROMANIANUS

Marriage?

MONNICA

Can you not see what Thanis is doing for him?

ROMANIANUS

Do you mean what Thanis is not doing for him?

MONNICA

I mean that all ways of his further progress, in his profession, in his faith, are blocked by that woman.

Because of her, he indefinitely puts off baptism; she is the stain of sin, the unclean past under whose weight he is stifled.

ROMANIANUS

Isn't it rather late to think of that now?

MONNICA

Late? In what respect do you mean late?

(Adeodatus wanders through the court, from pillar to house entrance, softly strumming his lute.
Romanianus and Monnica both turn to look at him.)

ROMANIANUS

Thanis has been the mother of Augustine's son for fourteen years.

MONNICA

I am speaking now of marriage, of a wife for my son, not a mistress.

ROMANIANUS

You are seeking that he marry her?

MONNICA

No. From the depths of my soul, no. But I am seeking that he marry.

ROMANIANUS

Marry - another?

MONNICA

(Firmly) - Marry another.

ROMANIANUS

(Smiling) - Could it be that Thanis would tolerate a wife, after these years? Augustine has held to her apart from all others, she has been the mistress of his house, the bringer of his comfort, the mother of his son. No, Thanis will not suffer another to become his wife.

MONNICA

What has her desire to do with it? When Augustine decides to take a wife, Thanis will go.

ROMANIANUS

Go? Thanis go?

MONNICA

He is in no way bound to her.

ROMANIANUS

Bound? Not by the law, of course. But has he said he feels her a burden? I have in no way observed it.

MONNICA

You do not seem to understand, wise and gifted though you may be. Men can sometimes rule states very well, but their own lives - they are not so successful. I have decided that Augustine shall marry. He will see in the end that it is best for him. I have a plan.

(Romanianus rises, dismay in his face and voice)

ROMANIANUS

A plan?

MONNICA

I have already chosen him a wife. It was my duty.

ROMANIANUS

And what - what does Augustine say?

MONNICA

As yet, he knows it not.

ROMANIANUS

And you - (he pushes his fingers through his hair in dumb perplexity) - your most humble pardon, Monnica - do you mind -

(He goes and gets himself a glass of wine, drinks, comes back, sits before her. For a moment he sits looking at her, then he begins to laugh, silently, at first, then shaking all over with amusement. Monnica rises, in stern disapproval and haughty dignity.)

MONNICA

This seems strange fruit of my confidence, Romanianus.

ROMANIANUS

By the girdle of Venus! I mean no disrespect, Monnica. I was only thinking - but tell me of your plan. My spirit leaps to your generalship. (He rises and bows low before her, motioning her to sit. Monnica sits, somewhat appeased.)

MONNICA

I have found a maiden who meets at all points the need in this situation; she is fair, of excellent family; she has fortune considerable enough. It is too good an opportunity to lose. Her father and I have already come to an understanding.

ROMANIANUS

And this man - this girl -

MONNICA

It is Ilerda, the daughter of Manlius Theodorus.

ROMANIANUS

Manlius! Ilerda! But - she is a baby!

MONNICA

Time will pass quickly enough. She is twelve.

ROMANIANUS

Twelve! Adeodatus is fourteen! They could play together! But of course he will be gone, according to your plan.

MONNICA

Adeodatus - gone? why should he be gone?

ROMANIANUS

But you said Thanis would go.

MONNICA

Thanis - yes. But that does not affect Augustine's son.

ROMANIANUS

Do you mean - she will go, and the boy will stay?

MONNICA

(With a trace of embarrassment which she quickly covers)- It is the custom in such cases, is it not?

ROMANIANUS

But all your plans seem to be made without considering the action of Thanis herself. You are counting without Thanis, in this situation which you wish to bring about.

MONNICA

(Coldly)- Thanis is counting without Monnica in the situation in which she finds herself at the present time. But there is another side to this issue.

ROMANIANUS

I cannot see these sides issuing in any point, Monnica!

ROMANIAN

by the article of Venetian. I mean an old school, Venetian.
I was only thinking - but tell me of your plan, my friend.
I hope to your satisfaction. (He rises and goes out.)
I am not, waiting for you. (He looks at his watch.)
(Exit)

ROMANIAN

I have found a golden rule: at all points the man
in this situation: he is full of excellent feeling;
and he is a considerable enough. It is his mind
an opportunity to lose. (He looks at his watch.)
I have already
come to an understanding.

ROMANIAN

And this too - this girl

ROMANIAN

It is indeed, the daughter of a noble Venetian.

ROMANIAN

(He looks at his watch.) (He is a man)

ROMANIAN

He will have plenty of money. (He is a man)

ROMANIAN

(He looks at his watch.) (He is a man)
I am not, waiting for you. (He looks at his watch.)
(Exit)

ROMANIAN

(He looks at his watch.) (He is a man)

ROMANIAN

And you said to me, would you

ROMANIAN

(He looks at his watch.) (He is a man)

ROMANIAN

Do you mean - the girl, and the boy will be

ROMANIAN

(He looks at his watch.) (He is a man)
It is the question in each case, is it not

ROMANIAN

But all your time here in the world will be
the most of this world. (He looks at his watch.)
(Exit)

ROMANIAN

(He looks at his watch.) (He is a man)
I am not, waiting for you. (He looks at his watch.)
(Exit)

ROMANIAN

I cannot see these things in the world, (Exit)

MONNICA

Romanianus, I should like to confide in you a fact, or what I believe to be a fact, of great importance. It will have far-reaching influence in the matters to be settled in the next few days.

ROMANIANUS

Say on, noble lady.

MONNICA

I fear that my confidence would all too soon be trusted to the ears of a drunken reveller, or perhaps a Gothic slave!

ROMANIANUS

That Goth did intrigue me! But say on - a watch shall be set before my mouth, and a door of safe keeping around my lips, so that my heart may not turn aside to wicked speeches!

MONNICA

Often have I freely and openly discouraged your over-confidence, Romanianus!

ROMANIANUS

I swear, by the -

MONNICA

Swear not, I pray you. Attend to me.

ROMANIANUS

May I perish as a breaker of faith if I do abuse your confidence!

MONNICA

Enough! my confidence alone will not save you from so perishing. The issue is this. I am informed, on rather convincing testimony, that Justine, in her zeal for forcing Ambrose to give to her the basilica which bears his name, is frequently in consultation with the auguries of the stars.

ROMANIANUS

Wise Justina, if you will forgive me, Monnica.

MONNICA

It is not the occurrence that interests me, it is the priestess by whom it is done.

ROMANIANUS

So personal an interest in Justina's affairs?

MONNICA

So personal an interest in the affairs of my own household. It is through Thanis that Justina consults the oracles.

ROMANIANUS

Thanis? through Thanis?

INTRODUCTION

It is a pleasure to have you here, and I hope you will find the material of interest. It will have some bearing on the subject of the day.

THE PROBLEM

Let us now turn to the problem.

THEORY

I have tried to make this as simple as possible, but I have not been able to do so. I have tried to make it as simple as possible, but I have not been able to do so.

CONCLUSIONS

It is a pleasure to have you here, and I hope you will find the material of interest. It will have some bearing on the subject of the day.

REFERENCES

1. The first reference is to the work of the first author.

APPENDIX

I have, of course, not been able to do so.

NOTES

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MONNICA

Is she not the daughter of Albicerius, one of the most famous of astrologers? Has she not from babyhood been trained in his heathen cults? Do you not realize what she is who is my son's mistress and the mother of his child?

ROMANIANUS

Thanis, priestess of the stars! I had forgotten.

MONNICA

Can you not see how this, if it is true, makes it possible for me to act? My son is a prominent professor of rhetoric, with influential patrons and students. He can have no connection with a plotter against the commands of the emperor. Justina is an insurgent, even though she is the emperor's mother. Ambrose was placed in authority by the emperor. What right has Justine to interfere, and make upon him unholy demands, contrary to the teachings of the true church? Augustine is a great admirer of Ambrose, that you well know. He will brook no treachery against the bishop and the emperor.

ROMANIANUS

But I see no treachery in the act of Thanis, Monnica, even granting this be true. Is a mere priestess of the stars, an interpreter of the heavenly secrets, to be decried as a traitor? Is it she who is responsible for the revelation?

MONNICA

(Rising to her full height) - Who will stop to consider that? Who will refrain from saying the stars were influenced by the wealth and power of Justina? Already do I fancy a coldness in some of my son's patrons.

ROMANIANUS

Does not your fancy wreck your judgement, Monnica?

MONNICA

Is it fancy that a mother has knowledge of the need of her son? Is it fancy to know that he is being held by this woman, this daughter of a caste outside the true church, from the responsibilities of his position? to know that his mind is ever in turmoil, torn between his love of truth and the baptism and consecration his heart longs for, and the infatuation of this pagan? At any cost she must go. Why does he wander on and on, ever seeking the light, the truth, his God, never coming to the fulfilment of his desire? Because she holds him; because she lures him; because the sensuous loveliness of her body is more to him than the light of God to his soul. Never will he have peace while he remains in this divided loyalty. For fourteen years I have fought her for his soul before God, and my tears have been my meat night and day. It is

enough! He shall see her as she is, not through my eyes alone, but through the reputation she is making for herself through her intrigue with Justina.

ROMANIANUS

But if Justina wins?

MONNICA

It will not matter who wins, the harm will have been done. He will see her as she is. He will turn away from her and her heathen sorceries to the God of truth. I shall have saved my son.

ROMANIANUS

But the wife?

MONNICA

(Energy in her tone)- If he is but properly married, he will be released to live according as his own heart shall lead.

ROMANIANUS

And where shall her own heart lead Thanis?

MONNICA

Let her seek guidance from the stars. She can return unto her father's house, or wherever it shall please her to go.

ROMANIANUS

And to Augustine it will not matter?

MONNICA

Other things shall matter more. The life he is now living is no life of true joy. He shall come to know the spirit of the one most true God. All else shall be as though he had not known it. I am counting upon your aid, Romanianus, you have much influence with my son, if you would but use it for his best good.

ROMANIANUS

Most noble Monnica, you do lead my mind to confusion. As for this so weighty matter, Augustine will have to choose for himself.

MONNICA

He has always chosen for himself; he will now choose for God.

ROMANIANUS

I need sustenance, Monnica - (he goes for another wine-glass)- when Augustine knows of your plans, I hope I may be present!

MONNICA

Sometimes plans work out better without too much knowledge before the time is ripe. It may be better so.

ROMANIANUS

Better for the plans, or for the people?

(Enter Augustine; he is a virile figure, medium height, strong, slim, vivid, restless. His face is oval, olive-skinned, dark-eyed; a high forehead from which the hair sweeps back in dark waves. His hands are particularly noticeable, firm, delicate, long-fingered, always mobile and in very frequent motion. He pauses a moment on the terrace beyond the columns, laughing and calling back to someone, then comes in buoyantly, restlessly vigorous. He and Romanianus greet each other, then he kneels and kisses Monnica's hand.)

Augustine

Mother! Greetings, most noble patron.

(Monnica sits by the fountain, Romanianus leans against a pillar, Augustine stands by one of the statues) -

I have been seeking you, Romanianus; have you heard what took place at the basilics this morning?

MONNICA

Romanianus did not need to hear, he helped it to take place!

AUGUSTINE

You? were you there?

ROMANIANUS

I passed by to the tune of a broken column or two!

AUGUSTINE

You, then, are the nobleman the streets are talking of! I might have known! Have you been telling Mother? Ambrose is safe, fear not, mother.

ROMANIANUS

You are on the winning side as usual, Monnica. Shall I wish as much success to your new plans?

AUGUSTINE

New plans? Have you plans, mother?

(Monnica tries to signal Romanianus to keep quiet, but he will not heed)

MONNICA

There are always many to plan for, my son.

ROMANIANUS

Yet to each of us is given a few, in our own special

charge. Ha,ha! Watch Monnica, Augustine, she should be emperor some day!

AUGUSTINE

And not a bad one would she make, Romanianus. But what is the new plan,mother?

MONNICA

(Much embarrassed)- It is only that you are much in my thoughts, my son.

AUGUSTINE

I? is it something to do with me?

ROMANIANUS

Keep on,Augustine, the wise are forewarned.

AUGUSTINE

You intrigue me, Romanianus. Is he mocking,mother?

ROMANIANUS

By the girdle of Venus! not so, I assure you.

MONNICA

(Greatly annoyed)- Does he ever do anything but mock?

ROMANIANUS

Look to your faith,son of Monnica! The gods plan nobly for those who please them, but woe is theirs who fail to accede to their demands!

AUGUSTINE

Mother! it is Romanianus of the wine-cups who speaks!

ROMANIANUS

Often the wine-cups speak more of truth than they of sober minds.

AUGUSTINE

Be not over-ambitious,noble patron; to seek truth is a luring but a losing pastime! What is truth?

(Romanianus draws his toga about him and goes indolently toward the pillared terrace.)

ROMANIANUS

(With a sly look at Monnica)- Perhaps a wife might help you to find it!

(There is a moment of shocked silence. They all look at each other, only Romanianus seeming to enjoy himself. Suddenly on the terrace comes into view Thanis, a radiant figure in a simple garment of pale rose. She seems a part of the early morning light. Romanianus turns and sees her.)

AUGUSTINE

What do you mean? what does he mean,mother?

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(Suddenly, while Monnica remains motionless, Romanianus stands looking triumphantly at her, while Thanis is a misty figure of radiance in the distance, a light breaks over Augustine's face. He turns swiftly to Monnica.)

AUGUSTINE

Mother! could you - have guessed? Has my face betrayed to you my secret?

MONNICA

Secret, my son?

AUGUSTINE

You have spoken to me so many times of the need of taking a wife now that I am more established in my profession. You are right, mother, as always. I feel even now the strength that comes from being no longer in uncertainty. Life is good, and pleasant, and beautiful - why not enjoy it? I have decided to marry.

MONNICA

To marry? My son - (joy fills her face and voice.)

AUGUSTINE

I have decided to marry Thanis.

(Pause. No one moves or speaks. Horror blots out the joy in Monnica's face. She puts out a hand for support, it touches the statue near which Augustine is standing. She snatches the flowers from their niche and with a single movement she crushes them in her hand as if to crush their owner. Augustine is speechless. Romanianus turns toward the terrace, looking at Thanis.)

ROMANIANUS

Thanis!

THANIS

(From outside)- Did you call, Romanianus?

(She steps between the pillars as if to enter, then stops, seeming to feel some strange quality in the scene before her. All three look at her in a kind of fascinated daze.)

CURTAIN

Scene 2

(Same setting. Fresh flowers are before the statues, the curtains are closely drawn. Monnica is seated before the small table, right, talking with Marya, her aged servant, about the poor and sick in whom she is interested.)

MONNICA

I regret greatly, Marya, that I cannot go on my usual rounds this morning for the sick and the suffering.

MARYA

The day is warm, noble lady Monnica, and the streets are not yet calm after the morning's riot at the basilica.

MONNICA

It is not that; I have been prevented by things beyond my control, and I must still give my attention to other matters. When my son comes, Marya, you may leave me.

MARYA

It shall be as you wish.

MONNICA

This rose must go to Cloelia, the sick child living just back of the basilican gate. And you will go to Lucia. Try to bring her hope in her illness and pain; tell her I will see her tomorrow.

MARYA

Tomorrow, my lady.

MONNICA

Visit Stephen, and tell him my prayers rise for him with the rising of the sun; may he rest in quiet and in the peace of God.

(Marya crosses herself)

I will pray with him in person the next time I may go to him.

(Gilda enters, looks around enquiringly)

MONNICA

(Looking at her coldly)- Did you wish something, Gilda?

GILDA

I am in search of the lady Thanis.

MONNICA

Thanis is not here.

GILDA

Yes, my lady. (She goes out)

MONNICA

Take the basket of cakes and wine you will find in the west porch -

(A noise of far-off shouting, hurrahs, cheers, is heard in the street in the distance. Marya starts, rises, followed by Monnica. They go to

the pillars by the terrace.)

MARYA

What can all the noise be? - Another riot?

MONNICA

It does not sound like a riot, more like rejoicing of some sort.

MARYA

The basilica!

MONNICA

It is surrounded by friends of Ambrose. we have no need to fear.

MARYA

Tell me, friend of the suffering - is it true -

MONNICA

Is what true?

MARYA

I have heard -

MONNICA

What have you heard?

MARYA

Do you remember Gervasius?

MONNICA

Gervasius?

MARYA

And Protasius?

MONNICA

I do remember, Marya. Very well do I remember. They were killed by the sword for their faith in the one true God. Such as they have blazed the trail wherein our own feet may safely walk. But why speak of them now?

MARYA

Your pardon gracious lady, but I -

(She limps toward the seat in front of the pillars)

MONNICA

Sit, Marya. I know your bones often ache. No, don't mind if I remain standing, I prefer to be where I can see. (Marya sits) - Go on with your tale. What of Gervasius and Protasius?

MARYA

It was noised about in the forum but today - that their bodies had been found.

MONNICA

Their bodies found? Who told you this, Marya?

MARYA

Socius brought the news.

MONNICA

And what - go on, Marya.

MARYA

They were placed in the Ambrosian basilica at the command of the bishop.

MONNICA

May God be praised.

(Shouts are heard again, Monnica looks through the parted curtains.)

But why do you mention this in connection with the shouting?

MARYA

Socius said - it is very wonderful, almost unbelievable-

MONNICA

Tell me. Tell me quickly, all.

MARYA

Works of healing have been done through them, even though they are dead.

MONNICA

Works of healing? The power of God!

MARYA

Miracles!

MONNICA

What miracles, Marya?

MARYA

One who was blind received his sight -

MONNICA

O Lord our God, we give thee humble thanks!
(They cross themselves)

MARYA

And one who had a demon - so Socius said -

MONNICA

A demon?

MARYA

Was restored.

MONNICA

Thine be the kingdom and the power!

(Laughter and voices are heard on the terrace)

AUGUSTINE

(Outside) - Not this evening, Romanianus, I shall be busy elsewhere.

Business arranged, the night.

January 1914

And what - in the night.

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They were placed in the position of the
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ROMANIANUS

(Laughing) - By the soul of the emperor, may you have more peace than appears to be coming your way! And if you should be in need of a friend -

AUGUSTINE

Thanks, Romanianus, one always needs friends.

(Augustine enters from the terrace)

Mother!

MONNICA

Enter, my son. (She rises)- Go now, Narya. May the Lord be praised for your news. Take the basket of cakes and wine to Mandara, remember, for the children.

MARYA

(Rising)- Yes, my lady. (She goes out, into the house)

(While his mother is dismissing Marya, Augustine moves restlessly from fountain to statue and back, touching the flowers, dipping a hand in the water and watching the perfumed drops slip from his fingers. As his mother turns from the door, where she has left Marya, he turns to her, motioning to a couch near the window, right.)

AUGUSTINE

Will you not make yourself comfortable, mother?

MONNICA

I prefer to sit here, my son. (She seats herself by the table where she was consulting Marya. Augustine sits beside the fountain, facing her)- Much news is in the air this morning, Augustine. Have you heard what Marya has just been telling me?

AUGUSTINE

News?

MONNICA

About the miracles at the basilica.

AUGUSTINE

Yes, I heard some tales. You think they are true?

MONNICA

Without doubt. I dreamed last night. I know now the meaning of my dream.

AUGUSTINE

Your dreams are always so wonderful. I wish mine were as apt to come true as yours!

MONNICA

Yours and mine shall come true together some day, my son.

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AUGUSTINE

I would speak of that, mother. So much trouble is in my mind.

MONNICA

Trouble? as of old?

AUGUSTINE

Tenfold more.

MONNICA

Ah, my son! how you scatter your heart's treasure abroad upon pleasures and wearinesses. Outwardly full of beauty, a blight yet lies at your heart.

AUGUSTINE

I know how you feel about that, mother. You would have me embrace your faith, the faith of holy church.

MONNICA

Most truly would I hasten that day!

(Adeodatus comes in from the house, touching lightly the strings of his lute. He sees Augustine and comes swiftly to him, dropping his lute on the curb beside the fountain and throwing his arms around his father's neck.)

ADEODATUS

Father! How nice to find you here!

(Augustine pulls him down beside himself)

AUGUSTINE

Isn't it, son! And what have you been doing all the morning?

ADEODATUS

Oh, I helped grandmother fix the cakes for the poor, and I fed my doves, and I played with Romanianus - father! - (he leans over and looks into Augustine's eyes lovingly) - Romanianus is such a nice man! (He laughs, lightly as the notes shower from his lute) He's so funny, father. He makes me laugh.

MONNICA

Adeodatus, have I not told you that I like not to have you with Romanianus when I am not there?

(Adeodatus comes to stand beside her and rest his hand on her knee.)

ADEODATUS

Grandmother! I always remember when Romanianus isn't here, but when he comes, I forget! (He goes back to his father, dropping on his knees beside him) - And next, father, I had such a lovely time with mother. Look, father! mother embroidered a new sign on my tunic. It's the pillars of Melcarth - see - one gold, and one emerald. They stand for a god, and mother says -

MONNICA

Adeodatus, my child, go now, father and I want to talk.

ADEODATUS

(Looking disappointed and hesitating a bit)- All right, grandmother. (He sighs and picks up his lute)-I ought not to have spoken of mother - it always makes grandmother send me away. Goodbye, father. May I go on the terrace, grandmother?

MONNICA

Not in the sun, Adeodatus, stay in the shadow of the portico.

ADEODATUS

Allright, if Philus doesn't run out into the sun. If he does I'll have to chase him. Father, Romanianus brought me a new dog - he's Philus, and -

AUGUSTINE

That's fine! But some other time, son - remember grandmother's wish.

ADEODATUS

(Moving on)- All right, grandmother. Let father come and see Philus some time. Anyhow, I guess I have to study now. (He goes out.)

(Augustine's eyes follow him till he is out of sight. The lute can be heard on the terrace.)

AUGUSTINE

(Abruptly)- Mother, I must marry Thanis; it is of that I would speak.

(Monnica's fingers play for a moment with the sheets on the table before her, as though she would gain time to steady her spirit.)

MONNICA

(Quietly)- I thought that matter was settled long ago.

AUGUSTINE

Nothing is settled, mother. My spirit is restless. I am tired of seeking and never finding.

MONNICA

When will you seek aright, my son?

AUGUSTINE

How shall I seek aright? How shall I pass beyond my own power? even the light of day is darkness before the trouble in my soul.

MONNICA

And so - you would blot out the light, forever.

AUGUSTINE

I do not understand you.

Alas, my child, no more, I have no more to say.

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Alas, my child, no more, I have no more to say.

MONNICA

You spoke of marrying Thanis -

AUGUSTINE

But what -

MONNICA

Do you not see that the thing that causes you this uneasiness of spirit is the very thing you are planning to take to yourself forever? The plan you propose is the seal shutting you out from the peace you seek.

AUGUSTINE

Thanis is the mother of my son.

MONNICA

Do you forget that I am the mother of a son?

AUGUSTINE

I love her.

MONNICA

There can be no true love without truth. Only he that knows the truth can know what love is.

AUGUSTINE

Truth is bigger than us all. How can we know what truth is, but by loving? And if we love, does not that mean we have truth?

MONNICA

Your training in rhetoric sharpens your tongue, but your words echo a hollow heart.

AUGUSTINE

I would fill truly that hollow of my heart.

MONNICA

Thanis, who knows not truth, cannot fill your heart.

AUGUSTINE

Who knows? Perhaps Thanis has more of truth than we think.

MONNICA

It is not thinking that makes truth. Truth is.

AUGUSTINE

How, then, do we find it?

MONNICA

It is given to them that believe to know of the doctrine, whether it be good or evil.

AUGUSTINE

The faith of Thanis glows like the stars whose priestess she is when they blazon their secrets from the heavens on such a night as this will be.

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MONNICA

The stars do not blazon truth. It lies in the heart of God alone, and is revealed to those on whom he wishes the revelation to fall.

AUGUSTINE

I am not so destined. Too long have I sought, and have not found.

MONNICA

Augustine, do you not remember my dream? You will yet stand on the rule with me, strong in the faith. Remember God's mercy to me in the dreams he vouchsafes to me.

AUGUSTINE

Are dreams, then, so much surer guides than the stars?

MONNICA

The counsel of the stars is too often sought but to deceive.

AUGUSTINE

Has that saying a hidden meaning?

MONNICA

Someone must be an instrument of hidden meanings, I suppose.

AUGUSTINE

And you mean by that -

MONNICA

My son, who is the courage behind the plans of Justina, the empress-mother?

AUGUSTINE

Justina? what have we to do with her?

MONNICA

Upon what faith does she base her attack upon the holy Ambrose?

AUGUSTINE

What faith?

MONNICA

Why does she so often consult the stars, those oracles of truth of which you seem so sure?

AUGUSTINE

But do you know that she does? I do not understand you.

MONNICA

Neither do you understand Thanis.

AUGUSTINE

Thanis! Thanis? - Do you mean - she is the oracle?

MONNICA

Who else?

AUGUSTINE

But Albicerius, her father?

MONNICA

Albicerius, her father, has for months been in Carthage. The oracle of Milan is the woman whom you would marry, the woman upon whom you would depend for the social position and rank which you need to meet the demands of your new professorship. When Justina falls, her oracle falls with her. Where then will be your safety for the future that is yours?

AUGUSTINE

Am I, then, to bargain for love and loyalty?

MONNICA

Only those who are free from bargaining can be worthy of love and loyalty. Thanis has bartered her soul for the favor of Justina.

AUGUSTINE

Mother! it would take more than a dream, even of yours, to make me believe Thanis would desecrate her faith.

MONNICA

Faith weighs little in the balance with the favor of the empress-mother. Would that -

AUGUSTINE

By the love you bear for me, mother, I conjure you, say not these things. Someone has falsified to you the situation. Thanis would not so compromise her faith in herself or her love for me.

MONNICA

Does she not know of your love and admiration for the holy bishop, Ambrose? Yet she can league herself with Justine against him for his downfall, for his loss of power, for his banishment from Milan.

AUGUSTINE

Mother! Your own zeal for your faith distorts your insight. Surely these are vain imaginings.

MONNICA

Imaginings? Where is the Goth whom Romanianus brought here this morning? Was it by chance he was captured?

Was he confined here in innocency? If I am not to believe in my dreams, surely I can believe the evidence of my eyes in their vision of broad daylight. Why should Thanis be earnestly in conversation with him? Should messages pass between them?

AUGUSTINE

Have we spies in our household, that we are not safe

in our most unsuspecting moments? Were you informed -

(Suddenly Monnica takes from her girdle her handkerchief and pressing it to her eyes she weeps silently with her head bowed. Augustine's tenderness returns. He kneels beside her.)

Mother! forgive me! the love and understanding that has always been between us must not so suffer! Tell me this is all but an ugly dream. Tell me -

(Monnica raises her head and speaks brokenly, passionately.)

MONNICA

Tell me - why should my love and understanding be questioned? Why should I be plotted against in my own house? Why should my own son be turned away from his mother, the mother who bore him and has shielded him, has protected him from -

AUGUSTINE

Mother! this is wildly impossible -

MONNICA

Why should Thanis care for the downfall of Ambrose except as a proof of her hatred and malice toward me? Have I not served him with the utmost devotion and loyalty? Have I not, with the faithful, guarded the basilica by day and by night, taking my turn with the others? Should I not fall, with the banishment of Ambrose?

(Augustine rises, standing by the statue nearest his mother. She weeps again.)

AUGUSTINE

What shall deaden the pain of my heart? What strong and silent contrition of my soul shall I pour out for the sorrow that unsettles my spirit? Which way shall I turn? Those whom I love of all most dearly are far from me. The tumult of my soul reaches out and finds none to whom I may call! Beauty is covered with the canker of disloyalty, love is crushed under the heel of suspicion. The light in me is turned to darkness, and there is no guide.

(He goes to the windows, right, and stands, back to Monnica. Pause. Monnica raises her head, observes him closely.)

MONNICA

Augustine, my son. (No answer - pause) - There is healing for love betrayed. There is always the power to change what is.

AUGUSTINE

(Not turning)- That which truly is, remains, unchangeably.

In the most important, however, the information

which is given in the text is of a very different kind. It is not a mere statement of facts, but a statement of a process, a process which is going on in the mind of the person who is writing.

The process is a process of discovery, a process of finding out what is going on in the mind of the person who is writing. It is a process which is going on in the mind of the person who is writing.

(The process is a process of discovery, a process of finding out what is going on in the mind of the person who is writing.)

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THE PROCESS

The process is a process of discovery, a process of finding out what is going on in the mind of the person who is writing.

MONNICA

Though all else fail, the love of a mother is eternal.

(Augustine whirls around to face her.)

AUGUSTINE

(Passionately)- Yet what are you asking of me? Have you forgotten that Thanis is a mother? Shall I give up my son?

MONNICA

(Firmly)- The place of a son is in his father's house.

AUGUSTINE

But -- Thanis?

MONNICA

Let her return to her home in Carthage.

AUGUSTINE

And leave - Adeodatus? leave our son? What are you demanding from the love of this other mother?

MONNICA

A mother's love must be sanctified and purified by consecration to the one true God.

AUGUSTINE

I know not this God. He is less than man if this is demanded at his hands. He is colder than the stars. They at least shine upon the beauty of love.

(Enter Socius from the house. He goes up to Monnica)

SOCIUS

My lady Monnica -

MONNICA

Speak, Socius -

SOCIUS

Manlius Theodorus awaits within, with his daughter.

MONNICA

I will receive him in the shrine on the terrace.

(Socius goes out.

Monnica rises and turns to Augustine, somewhat agitated.)

You realize, Augustine, that the household of Manlius Theodorus is one of the noblest of Roman families?

AUGUSTINE

(Puzzled)- Manlius? He has for some time been friendly and gracious.

MONNICA

He has a reason for the graciousness you have observed.

THANKS FOR THE LOVE OF A MOTHER IN DISGUISE.
(Sings) - The love of a mother in disguise.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER IN DISGUISE.
(Sings) - The love of a mother in disguise.

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER IN DISGUISE.
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(Sings) - The love of a mother in disguise.

AUGUSTINE

A reason?

MONNICA

He has a daughter.

AUGUSTINE

(More puzzled)- A daughter? yes, the little Ilerda -

MONNICA

Manlius is desirous of betrothing his daughter to my son. He is within. We shall go to him.

AUGUSTINE

(Horror in his face and voice)- A betrothal? To me? Mother! - mother! what has happened? what have you done?

MONNICA

You will certainly appreciate the honor, Augustine, and see the advantage of such a union.

Curtain

Scene 3

(Same setting. Adeodatus is seated by the fountain, playing on his lute; his music is soft, dreamy, restrained, then a wild plaintive irregular melody, rising and sinking, as if swayed by a fickle summer wind. Laughter is heard from the terrace, a man's jovial voice. Romanianus is heard, at first not in sight, coming into view as he talks.)

ROMANIANUS

By the bones of the martyrs! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Tell our Gothic visitor, Socius, if you think you can make him understand, to call on the bones of this Gervasius and Protasius, whoever they are, to mend by miracle his broken column! See that he gets there safely, to repair the damage he did in his wrathful strength!

(Romanianus comes down the garden, sees Adeodatus. He is still playing softly. Romanianus stands looking down at him.

Little lover! singest thou for thy mate, wandering afar, or perhaps lying white at the bottom of the perfumed water?

(Adeodatus rises, stretching out his hand to be kissed. Romanianus takes the hand, putting his other on the boy's head)

ADEODATUS

I am not old enough to be a lover - I love only

my mother! (His laugh ripples out like drops of water falling in the fountain)- That is a song my mother taught me.

ROMANIANUS

Love is in it, and wildness, and beauty, as they are in thy mother.

ADEODATUS

It is hard to understand you, Romanianus. So often you speak in riddles. Do you mean my mother is beautiful?

ROMANIANUS

Something like that. You'll understand me soon enough.

(They sit together by the fountain)

ADEODATUS

I have heard my father say - (pause, he strums the lute)-

ROMANIANUS

What have you heard your father say?

ADEODATUS

(Simply)- I think my father loves my mother a great deal.

ROMANIANUS

(Laughing more gently)- I'm quite sure you're right about that. You are happy here?

ADEODATUS

Happy? Oh yes, I am very happy. And I like Philus ever so much. Thank you for Philus, Romanianus.

ROMANIANUS

Philus is a good scoundrel, is he?

ADEODATUS

Does "scoundrel" mean dog?

ROMANIANUS

(Laughing again)- Usually it does - yes, I think it does.

ADEODATUS

Then he is - a good scoundrel. Only he doesn't like that Gothic soldier that came this morning. I've had to watch him all day. I think he would chew him up like the beasts in the circus on a holiday!

ROMANIANUS

By the columns of the temple! I forgot Philus was here! I trust he preserved a discreet silence!

ADEODATUS

I don't know what that all means, but if you mean you hope Philus didn't bark, you're quite mistaken. Is he going to stay, the soldier?

ROMANIANUS

No, he's already gone. No need to guard Philus any longer.

ADEODATUS

I'm glad. Once today mother had to come and speak to him.

ROMANIANUS

Speak to him? who, the soldier, or Philus?

ADEODATUS

(Laughing a little)- Well, they were both there. Philus didn't pay much attention, but the soldier listened quite carefully.

ROMANIANUS

Um - when was this, Adeodatus?

ADEODATUS

This morning, on the terrace.

ROMANIANUS

Did you happen to see grandmother near?

ADEODATUS

I don't remember, but perhaps she was.

ROMANIANUS

Perhaps. Play for me again, Adeodatus.

(As Adeodatus starts to play, Gilda appears on the terrace. She enters, bringing forward Ilerda. Romanianus rises, Adeodatus also. At the same time Thanis enters from the house, pausing quietly in the shadow when she sees Gilda and Ilerda)

GILDA

The lady Monnica sends the noble Ilerda to pay a visit to Adeodatus while Manlius her father still is occupied within the terrace shrine.

(Adeodatus puts down his lute, comes forward, drops on one knee and kisses the hand Ilerda extends to him)

ADEODATUS

Welcome, noble lady. Adeodatus is my name.

ILERDA

Ilerda am I called, gracious sir.

(Adeodatus rises, including Romanianus with a motion of his hand)

ADEODATUS

Romanianus is my father's friend.

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ILERDA

(Joyously)- He is my father's friend, too. Often have I seen him at our home. Ilerda greets you, Romanianus.

ROMANIANUS

Your greeting is most heartily received, my little Ilerda. Shall I leave you now? (He turns, sees Thanis) Thanis! Greetings, gracious lady.

THANIS

Most noble Romanianus.

ADEODATUS

Mother! I heard you not, (He seizes her hand and draws her toward Ilerda)- Mother, Ilerda, daughter of Manlius, comes to pay me a visit.

THANIS

Receive her graciously, my son. It will be well to sit here by the fountain. The breeze of evening will soon begin to rise. (The children sit)

(Romanianus stands watching silently while Thanis goes to the terrace entrance and firmly and swiftly pushes aside the draperies for the breeze to enter. She stands motionless, looking out. Sunset can be seen, beginning to touch the sky. Voices are heard occasionally in the distance. Thanis comes back across the garden, standing by the statue of Astarte. Romanianus stands by the couch near the windows, right, ceasing not to look at Thanis. The children are busy together. Thanis looks hard at Ilerda. Romanianus' gaze follows hers. When Thanis speaks her voice is like ice over fire.)

The girl is too young to die - too weak to be assailed.

(Romanianus starts, takes a step as though to protect Ilerda, halts, his eyes still on Thanis)

ROMANIANUS

Thanis -

THANIS

She is too young, and too fair. -- She has lived too short a time.

ROMANIANUS

Why do you feel so?

THANIS

Do you not know? do you not know why she is here? (She motions to the terrace behind her, though not turning her head to look. Her eyes are still on the child. Voices are heard again, a man laughs, in the distance)

Do no voices speak to you the meaning of this presence?

ROMANIANUS

(Trouble and pity in his voice)- Thanis - I would have spared you this!

THANIS

It is not in your power, Romanianus.

ROMANIANUS

Shall I send her away?

THANIS

I ask not that she stay or go. Whichever is, something must cease. She is so young, so pure, so not yet born to living.

(The sunset breeze comes in from the terrace, sifting the waters of the fountain over the children)

ILERDA

(Gleefully)- I feel the spray from the fountain!

ADEODATUS

(Holding up his face)- It is like sweet tears on our cheeks!

(Thanis turns away her head, standing strong, beautiful-bodied, her hands clenched at her sides)

ROMANIANUS

Thanis - meet it not so; many a betrothal comes to naught
(She turns her head toward the terrace, listening)
The gods are kinder than they seem.

(Suddenly Thanis starts, straining her eyes into the gathering dusk outside.)

THANIS

There! look, Romanianus - did you see?

ROMANIANUS

(Coming closer)- I saw not anything, except the graying sky.

THANIS

A falling star - there, beyond the cypresses!
(Suddenly she turns toward him and stretches out her hands. He takes them and leads her to the couch by the windows. It grows quite dark. Gilda comes in, goes from lamp to lamp, and one after another softly glowing lights make pools of gleam and shadow. While this is going on, the voices of the children are heard by the fountain)

ILERDA

(Shyly and gravely)- Do you like this house?

ADEODATUS

Of course I do. I live here.

1941
The first part of the paper is devoted to a study of the
value of the function $f(x)$ at the point $x=0$.

It is shown that the function $f(x)$ is continuous at $x=0$.

It is also shown that the function $f(x)$ is differentiable at $x=0$.

The value of the function $f(x)$ at the point $x=0$ is found to be $f(0) = 1$.

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ILERDA

Oh - you live here.

ADEODATUS

Yes - I live here. Where do you live?

ILERDA

I live with my father.

ADEODATUS

(Laughing softly)- Why - so do I!

ILERDA

My father lives in a palace.

ADEODATUS

Oh!

(There is a pause, while Gilda lights a lamp that throws them into soft light as they sit together gravely)

ILERDA

You live with your mother, too.

ADEODATUS

(Quickly)- Oh yes - of course. Don't you?

ILERDA

I have no mother.

ADEODATUS

Oh! I couldn't live without my mother. My mother is bee-yu-ti-ful!

ILERDA

Yes. She must make you very happy. Where did you get your lute?

ADEODATUS

It came from Carthage, where my mother used to live. She used to play on it for my father.

(A lamp now shows the statue of Astarte; another, by the small table, throws a glow over Thanis as she reclines on the couch; Romanianus, sitting beside her on a marble seat, is partly in shadow. Gilda finishes and goes out. Ilerda leans forward a bit to examine the lute. Adeodatus plays again, softly.)

ROMANIANUS

Augustine will surely not suffer this thing to be. It is of Monnica's planning.

THANIS

But the strength of Monnica! It is purity crystalized into ice.

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ROMANIANUS

But Augustine - the fire of his passion is stronger than the icy hold of his mother's conscience. Loyalty and honor will hold him true. Ilerda is but thrust upon him.

THANIS

He will have honor to protect her; but not courage to honor me.

(In the silence that follows, the children are heard again)

ADEODATUS

I wish you lived in this house.

ILERDA

In this house? I?

ADEODATUS

Think how many pleasures we should enjoy; we should be free to wander wherever we pleased; we should never be lonely; never be sad, never be wearied.

ILERDA

I could listen to you day after day, while you played on your lute.

ADEODATUS

I could sing you sweet songs that I have learned.

ILERDA

Could you teach it to me - to play on the lute?

ADEODATUS

Oh yes; it's so easy, and so delightful - see! I can show you now.

(They bend toward each other, in close attention)

ROMANIANUS

Thanis, you love unwisely and too well. One should not let love in upon life, except as a plaything.

(Thanis laughs, full-throated, silvery, bitter)

THANIS

And one toy can be shattered and replaced by another, I suppose.

ROMANIANUS

(Lightly)- Why not?

(Thanis turns to him fiercely, head high, hands clenched. Then suddenly she clasps her hands around her knees and her head droops, her eyes looking dreamily before her.)

THANIS

Why not! - Why not? (The breeze blows in from the warm night. Thanis turns her face to it, and speaks, half

averted from Romanianus.)

THANIS

This is why not, Romanianus. Love is like the wind of the desert. When it has wrapped you around with its power, you never again are free. At dawn, it wakens you with a flaming caress, and you rise, glad of the day. At noon, it hides in the covert of the rocks, and you wait, held silently in its powerful heat. At sunset, it returns with a coolness of release for all the joy of living. At night it wraps you around with your beloved in the perfumed peace of the day that is done. You can never escape. If you flee it, and die, it is still there, the cold wind that shakes the silence between the worlds, and echoes forever among the everlasting stars. Love is not a plaything, Romanianus; it is the power of all the worlds.

(In the silence that follows, Adeodatus plays a wild little song on his lute. They listen. Then as the children fall to talking again in low tones, Thanis speaks.)

There is my son - my son! What can I do to save him, Romanianus?

ROMANIANUS

Save him?

THANIS

I have no claim upon his father. Monnica will save him for the church. And shall a suppliant of the church honor a relation with the hated cult of astrology? I can see it, I can follow her thought. For fourteen years she has worked against me. I am to her an unhallowed thing, unclean in the sight of her God.

ROMANIANUS

But Augustine -

THANIS

In Augustine the heaven is working. Since Monnica came here to live, can you not see the difference in him? He cannot see beauty so clearly, there is a film before his eyes; he cannot feel love so flamingly; the chill hand of the sense of sin is laid heavily upon his spirit by the virtue of Monnica. No priest has sanctioned the joy of our living with the benediction of the church. I have not gone from the manus of my own household to the potestas of his family - my gods are not his gods.

ROMANIANUS

But cannot this be done, even now?

THANIS

It cannot be done.

ROMANIANUS

And why? what is the reason?

THANIS

Monnica is the reason. She will not suffer it to be so.

ROMANIANUS

Must he obey Monnica?

THANIS

He loves her.

ROMANIANUS

But he loves you.

THANIS

He is torn between the two. And there is something else, something I cannot understand; this fever of the spirit, this sense of being called by his God to love the divine and not the human. He has spoken to me of it, often, since the coming of Monnica. Is not all love one? I am consecrated a priestess of the stars, I serve in the temple of my gods; yet shall I cast away my love for my son? We love more the divine the more we love the human.

ROMANIANUS

What is this divine that Augustine talks so much about?

THANIS

He has tried to tell me; he feels a voice within him, bidding him put nothing between himself and the power that is his god. He feels no longer joy in beauty, or in loving, until he obeys the command of this voice.

ROMANIANUS

And what does it tell him to do?

THANIS

It tells him to will as God wills; it tells him two spirits are at war in him, and he must change them into one, and obey the voice of God.

ROMANIANUS

It is passing strange. Augustine did not think like this in the days before- well, in the days that are gone. What does he think the voice of God will tell him to do?

THANIS

Oh Romanianus, that is what I fear. It seems to be something that will take him from me, that will spoil our love and turn it into shame. He is not whole, Romanianus, some dire evil is plucking at his mind and heart.

ROMANIANUS

I fear it is not all your vain imaginings, Thanis.

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THANIS

Oh no, it is not; of a truth it is not. I have tried to root the trouble from his mind by tenderness and more than ever turning his thoughts to love. But my efforts serve only to quicken his trouble.

ROMANIANUS

Can it be that the troubles of Ambrose and Justina prey upon his mind?

THANIS

I do not know. Monnica keeps tham ever before him. I even have a feeling that in some strange way, I know not how, he connects me with the bishop's trouble. Has he spoken to you?

ROMANIANUS

No, he has said nothing. Did he warn you against the Goth?

THANIS

The Goth? The soldier you brought here this morning?

ROMANIANUS

(Laughing)- Yes. Festus got the chance he was in search of? You obtained his message?

THANIS

Very clever of you, Romanianus. For a moment I hardly recognized him myself. But it was dangerous. Monnica was greatly wrought about it. What if she had discovered his connection with me in the service of Justina?

ROMANIANUS

Monnica! Ha,ha,ha! I had a thought for Monnica! But he is safely off! I think nothing will come of it.

THANIS

Monnica's plans are far-reaching, and her eyes and ears are keen.

(The voices of the children are heard. Adeodatus rises and comes to Thanis, leaning against her knee)

ADEODATUS

Mother - could you tell us a story? Your stories are so nice. I've told Ilerda about them and she wants to hear one.

ROMANIANUS

Would you take my lady from me, thieving boy?

ADEODATUS

Yes, I would - you may have her back again though, when the story is done. Come, mother, please do.

THANIS

(Rising)- Keep your counsel, Romanianus. I may need your aid.

ROMANIANUS

It but awaits your need, to make it yours.

(Thanis goes to the fountain with Adeodatus, sits facing Ilerda. Adeodatus sits on the ground at her feet)

ADEODATUS

I told you she'd come, Ilerda. Now for the story, mother.

THANIS

What shall I make it about?

ADEODATUS

Oh, make it about -

ILERDA

Make it about a garden.

THANIS

(Watching Ilerda)- About a garden it shall be.

ADEODATUS

(Gleefully)- Begin with - "In the far-off days when the gods were very young" - mother -

ILERDA

And have a goddess in it -

ADEODATUS

Have Astarte in it -

ILERDA

(Quickly)- Astarte was a wicked goddess!

ADEODATUS

(Turning upon her)- Astarte wicked! Why she's one of mother's gods! I guess you don't know about Astarte!

ILERDA

It's wicked to have more than one god.

ADEODATUS

(In great amazement)- Wicked? Why there are gods everywhere -

THANIS

But the story, son, the story.

ADEODATUS

Yes, the story. Ilerda hasn't been taught very well, I guess.

ILERDA

My father knows.

ADEODATUS

Begin, mother.

THANIS

In the far-off days when the gods were very young,
there was a beautiful garden.

ILERDA

Like this?

THANIS

Yes, only more beautiful.

ADEODATUS

More beautiful? I love it here.

THANIS

It had the mountains at its back and the sea before it.

ADEODATUS

Oh - I can just feel it!

THANIS

There was a beautiful tree in the garden, called the
tree of love.

ADEODATUS

(Confidentially)- There's always love in mother's
stories. Don't you like stories with love in them?

ILERDA

I'm too young.

ADEODATUS

(Laughing)-Mother! she says she's too young to like
stories with love in them! She's twelve -

THANIS

Listen to the story. Lovely flowers grew in the garden,
and a lady lived there. She picked the flowers and
tended the plants, and watched the stars at night.
One day a man came to the garden.

ADEODATUS

There's always a man in the story, isn't there?

THANIS

Always, a man. This man was strong and beautiful,
and he loved the lady and they were very happy.

ILERDA

Did she have a ring? See! I have a ring. (She holds out
her hand to show it)

THANIS

(Breathless)- Where did you -

THE

END

My father knew

nothing

again, either

THAT

In the end of the day when the sun was very low,
there was a beautiful sunset.

THAT

like this

THAT

Yes, only a few minutes

THAT

Dear Mother, I love it more

THAT

It was the morning of the day when the sun was very low

THAT

It was the morning of the day

THAT

There was a beautiful sunset,
like of love.

THAT

(The end of the day when the sun was very low,
there was a beautiful sunset.)

THAT

I'm so young

THAT

(The end of the day when the sun was very low,
there was a beautiful sunset.)

THAT

There was a beautiful sunset,
like of love.

THAT

There was a beautiful sunset,
like of love.

THAT

There was a beautiful sunset,
like of love.

THAT

There was a beautiful sunset,
like of love.

THAT

(The end of the day when the sun was very low,
there was a beautiful sunset.)

ILERDA

The noble Augustine put it on my finger when I was on the terrace. He said I should wear it and be happy.

ADEODATUS

I wish father'd give me a ring. Mother - (he turns, but Thanis has suddenly risen and stands close to the statue of Astarte)- Mother! you look strangely - is anything the matter?

(Romanianus comes swiftly forward. At the same time the party on the terrace enter at back. Monnica comes forward, the rest move across the court toward the house, talking)

MONNICA

(Seeing Thanis)- I did not know you were here.

THANIS

I am here.

MONNICA

Ilerda, your father is ready to depart.

ADEODATUS

Oh - must she go? Mother is telling us a story.

ILERDA

I must go when my father bids me. Perhaps you will come to see me some day, and bring your lute.

ADEODATUS

I will if I may. I'll bring mother and she can finish the story.

(Monnica motions Ilerda and draws her away)

ILERDA

Farewell, Adeodatus; farewell, gracious lady - (she hesitates a moment, looking at Thanis, then with a little rush she drops on her knees and kisses Thanis' hand) - I have no mother - I love you, gracious lady mother - (Thanis catches her breath and puts her hand on the child's head)- may I come again?

MONNICA

(Sharply)- Ilerda, Manlius waits. (She looks at Thanis meaningly)- Yes, you will come again. (She takes the child by the hand) - Adeodatus, come and see the lady Ilerda to her equipage - she leaves for the palace.

ADEODATUS

(Joyfully)- I'll come right back, mother.

ROMANIANUS

Farewell, Thanis.

(He joins the party, talking with Manlius.

(They go out. Thanis is left alone, standing by the statue of Astarte. Her hands are clasped before her, she is apparently in deep thought. The wind stirs the fountain and flutters her draperies. She does not move. In a moment Monnica returns. She sees Thanis, pauses, then goes to the table and puts down some vellum rolls, looking uneasily at Thanis. Still Thanis does not move, but speaks, without turning her head.)

THANIS

Have you no words of triumph?

(A hardness settles over Monnica. It shows in her face, her voice.)

MONNICA

Triumph speaks for itself. It needs no trumpeter.

THANIS

It will speak for itself long after any words of yours or mine can be said.

MONNICA

(With deadly coldness)- I think I do not understand you, Thanis.

(Thanis turns then, and looks fully at her. For a moment they stare into each other's eyes.)

THANIS

(Slowly, with cold calm)- No, you do not understand me. You have yet to learn my ways.

SLOW CURTAIN

End of Act One

ACT III

Setting

(It is night. Scene is the shrine on the roof of Thanis' father's house, where the stars are consulted. The coloring is dusky blue, green, and silver, throughout. At left, down stage, is a fountain, always playing, with soft lights of blue and green and occasionally a gleam of crimson. It has a broad seat around it as in Act I. The lamps are hung from the raised arms of statues in graceful positions, and throw their lights of mellow rose, crimson and amber over the beautiful figures. A bit up stage, to the left, is the septizonia, a shrine, rising out of whose center are the seven crystal spheres used in divining the decrees of the stars. Crowning the last sphere is the slim silver disc of the crescent moon, the symbol of Thanis' faith. Palms and tropical shrubs make it seem like a garden in the desert. At the back can be seen the night sky, a deep blue, with here and there a star showing. The septizonia is in a dim, blue-green light, which throws into gleaming silver its seven spheres. Down stage, right, almost completely in shadow, is a group of palms, with a marble seat almost completely hidden from view. Other marble seats are scattered here and there about the garden. There are two entrances, back, left and right, where two flights of stairs lead up from the house below. Only the last two of the stairs can be seen. Even these are in shadow.)

SCENE I

(Shrine is not occupied at rise of curtain. Water can be heard falling in the fountain. Presently a little maid, in slim tunic of blue-green and silver, comes into view, left entrance.)

SITA

This is the way, gracious lady.

(She ushers in a tall women, covered almost wholly in a dark blue mantle wrapped closely around her. She seems nervous, ill at ease, as she comes down center, pausing where one of the lamps shines over her. She throws her mantle a bit back from her face and peers around her in awe. The light shows Nonnica.)

SITA

The priestess Thanis will soon be here, without doubt, my lady. I thought she has already come. (She moves to a little silver table and consults a parchment lying on it) - Is your name here? Did you send a messenger to reserve a divination?

(Monnica peers around her, more embarrassed and disturbed as she looks.)

MONNICA

No, I have not asked a consultation. I am not expected. -- Is it always - like this - here?

SITA

(Turning to her in laughing surprise)- Like - what?

MONNICA

All this - this - barbaric splendor - these idolatrous statues -

SITA

My lady does not know, then, the shrine of Albicerius? It is famous in the city. He is now in Carthage, but his daughter, Thanis, reads the stars.

MONNICA

Yes - yes - I know that.

SITA

(Taking the stylus)- The lady's name?

MONNICA

Let me just await your mistress; say not anyone came. If she does not come very soon, I must go. I will slip away. I have ministrations for the night.

SITA

(Noticing her mantle)- The lady is a noble virgin of the temple?

MONNICA

I am not. (The tone is a rebuff)

SITA

(Abashed)- I must watch for others, lady.

MONNICA

Go.

(Sita goes out, looking back once or twice at Monnica as she disappears down the stairs.)

(Monnica, left alone, proceeds to explore a bit further. She goes from statue to statue, looks at shrine)

MONNICA

Sacrilege multiplied manifold! An abomination unto God. Oh my son, my son! Into what grievous hands hast thou fallen! Can even God himself release thee from these chains?

(Steps are heard coming up the stairs, heavy steps of a man. Monnica pauses, startled)

(The first of these is the fact that the
country is not a democracy.)

THE FIRST

1. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE SECOND

2. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE THIRD

3. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE FOURTH

4. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE FIFTH

5. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE SIXTH

6. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE SEVENTH

7. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE EIGHTH

8. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE NINTH

9. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE TENTH

10. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE ELEVENTH

11.

THE TWELFTH

12. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

THE THIRTEENTH

13. I have not seen a copy of the
book. It is a very good one - I have

MONNICA

My son? He must not find me here. (The steps come on, leisurely. Monnica looks wildly around, sees the little nook of palms, and drawing her mantle around her she slips within just as a man enters. She is completely hidden from view. The man comes in. He throws aside a gorgeous outer mantle, but under it is the dress of the Gothic soldier of the morning. It is Festus. He goes over to the fountain and sits, claps his hands, Sita comes.)

FESTUS

Water, Sita.

SITA

Yes, my lord.

(Sita goes out, returning with a silver bowl half full of water, which she presents to him. He dips his fingers and dries them on the linen napkin she has brought)

FESTUS

Ah, my Sita. The stars themselves are not lovelier than thine eyes!

SITA

But much farther away, my lord.

(He makes a movement as though to draw her to him, but she thrusts forward the bowl of water. He laughs, trailing one hand in the fountain beside him.)

FESTUS

Were it not for that bowl of water I would embrace thee, Sita.

(Sita turns with her bowl to go, looking back at him.)

SITA

Bowls of water should never be embraced, sir.

FESTUS

(Laughing)- You are right, Sita. Your mistress?

SITA

She should be here by now. There was a lady - (she looks around)- she couldn't wait long. She must have gone out by the other stairway. Did you see her?

FESTUS

I saw no one.

SITA

You did not come this morning, my lord.

FESTUS

(Laughing)- By the hand of Bacchus, no! Justina will have me before the magistrate if I serve her much longer. (The palms where Monnica is concealed tremble)- As I was doing duty at the Ambrosian basilica, supposed to be a Gothic guard, I was seized by Romanianus, whose party tried to stir up a riot. I have been in captivity all day.

SITA

Oh, my lord! Thy gods must have favored thee, to send thee escape.

FESTUS

Yes - great favor! I'd thank them to prevent me from getting captured next time. But it gave me a chance to consult your mistress with ease. I saw her. She understands.

(A shadow falls - Thanis enters. She is richly dressed, with necklace and headband of lapis lazuli and crystal. She comes toward them. Festus rises, bows low. Sita takes napkin and bowl and goes out)

Priestess!

THANIS

(Laughing low)- Alaric! You had no further trouble in escaping?

(They sit, Festus by the fountain, Thanis on a marble bench nearby)

FESTUS

None, my lady. Justina's demands will finish us all if she be not soon satisfied in her plans. Already my estates clamor for my attention.

THANIS

Who would have guessed this morning that you were a Roman nobleman of lands and estates! Even now I can only half believe it.

FESTUS

Truth half believed is nevertheless true, fair lady.

THANIS

Better truth half believed than belief half true! What of Justina by now?

FESTUS

Justina's cause is much in despair.

THANIS

Despair?

FESTUS

These martyr-relics - have you heard?

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THANIS

Some idle tales but now came to my ears. I did not give much credence.

FESTUS

The trouble is, the people do give credence.

THANIS

What are the tales?

FESTUS

Miracles are being wrought, the lame walk and the blind see.

THANIS

Idle fancies! What power can lie in a dead man's bones! Who found them?

FESTUS

They were dug up somewhere and it was reported to Ambrose.

THANIS

Ambrose should have buried the reporters.

FESTUS

Instead he had the relics moved to the basilica.

THANIS

To the basilica?

FESTUS

Even so. One or two stories from the gravediggers, and the whole silly mob seeks the basilica, carrying all their dragging arms and shrivelled legs.

(The palms move again)

THANIS

But the guard? Justina's guard?

FESTUS

They are guarding their own bruised arms and trampled legs, lucky enough to be alive at all.

THANIS

Does Justina know?

FESTUS

I, not being mobbed because of my capture this morning- the stars be praised- had the honor to inform her but now.

THANIS

Brave man! What did she say?

FESTUS

She sent me to you - as always.

How much more will you have to do
the work of the world.

The world is, the world is the world.

And the world is the world.

And the world is the world, the world is the world, the world is the world.

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THANIS

And I? What am I supposed to do?

FESTUS

According to my ability to interpret her somewhat hotly expressed desires, fair one, she wishes you to bring to pass bigger and better miracles!

THANIS

Justina's wishes are vain, absurd. Shall I stoop to a paltry exhibition for the satisfaction of a senseless mob?

FESTUS

Justina's wishes are commands.

THANIS

(Rising)- Commands! commands? Does Justina think to command me, Thanis, priestess of the stars? of Astarte, the moon goddess? I, Thanis, descended from Tanith of Tyre?

FESTUS

Tanith of Tyre is a long time dead, noble lady, and Astarte can now rule but as the moon lights us on a cloudy night. Thanis is very much alive, and would stay so. The empress-mother is powerful.

THANIS

(Scornfully)- Evidently not as powerful as a miracle-worker!

FESTUS

Then be thou the miracle-worker!

THANIS

I am not yet dead, to be discovered and dug up!

FESTUS

You are like to be discovered dead if you meet not the royal command, so dead you will never be dug up!

THANIS

(Sitting again)- Tell me - what does Justina ask?

FESTUS

She asks that the stars tell her of victory soon to come, of triumph in her cause, of the downfall of Ambrose - a very simple request! Armed with this assurance she may be able to gather together again her scattered followers.

THANIS

Does she think I bargain with my faith? Can she suppose that I, Astarte's priestess, can alter her decrees? Can I turn the stars in their courses?

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FESTUS

But Thanis, think you not, for once, you might read a little favorably? It would increase confidence, and place you in favor. Astarte would only smile!

(Thanis stands before the septizonia, silent.
Pause. Then she turns and faces him.)

THANIS

Shall my faith be made a thing of no preciousness? Shall I fling it to the mob to be torn as the beasts shred living things in the arena? Shall truth be as nothing, when she has spoken?

FESTUS

But have you not a personal interest in all this?

THANIS

A personal interest?

FESTUS

Yes.

THANIS

What do you mean?

FESTUS

I mean Augustine.

THANIS

Augustine?

FESTUS

What if you fail? what if Ambrose is victorious? Will not Augustine lose his faith in you? There is no doubt that the noble Monnica will use all her influence to make him see more clearly the power of the church and of her faith.

(He pauses, Thanis is silent. She stands straight and beautiful in the silver gleam of the shrine, the light falling on her jewels.)

If he sees her faith, will it not take him from you?

THANIS

He must see his own faith, not Monnica's, not mine. To each is it given to choose.

FESTUS

But Thanis -

THANIS

I have spoken.

(Festus rises, throws his mantle over his shoulders)

FESTUS

What shall I tell Justina?

and the fact that the only way to get out of the country is to go to the border and wait for the border guards to let you pass.

The only way to get out of the country is to go to the border and wait for the border guards to let you pass.

There is a small town in the north of the country, and it is the only place where you can get a passport.

And there is a small town in the north of the country, and it is the only place where you can get a passport.

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THANIS

Tell Justina - Thanis is priestess of the stars; as the stars tell truly, so will I deal truly with her. Faiths may hold us or release us; leaders may be born and die; but over all remain the silent, unquestioning stars.

FESTUS

And is that all?

THANIS

That is all - that is all, for life or for death.

(Festus kneels and kisses her hand)

FESTUS

By the strength of the stars! thou art not easy to move, Thanis. Farewell.

THANIS

Fare thee well.

(Festus goes.

Thanis follows him to the stairway. Her back is to the rest of the garden.

Monnica slips out from the palms. She goes up stage and is as far as the septizonia, near the entrance opposite, when Thanis turns and sees her. Each stands motionless, staring at the other.)

You - here?

MONNICA

I am here.

THANIS

I will speak to Sita. She is not to allow anyone to come up that way.

MONNICA

I did not come that way.

THANIS

(Sarcastically)- You did not come this way -

MONNICA

I have been in your garden since before the arrival of your recent visitor.

THANIS

You have been - here?

MONNICA

I came to see you.

THANIS

(Bowing with mock deference)- I am honored!

THEY SAY - THAT A PERSON OF THE NAME OF
JOHN SMITH, WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE
ARMY, WAS KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY
DURING THE RECENT WAR. HE WAS
A GOOD MAN AND A FINE SOLDIER.

AND HE WAS A
VERY GOOD MAN.
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MONNICA

No one was here but your servant. I told her I would wait. Then I heard a step on the stairs - a man's step. I thought it would be my son.

THANIS

And you thought -

MONNICA

I did not want him to know I was here. So I stepped into the shrubbery - (she points)

THANIS

I could have spoken louder had I but known! I trust, however, that you could hear without too much difficulty.

MONNICA

(Sharply)- Thanis! This is no ordinary time that I am here -

THANIS

Neither ordinary in time or place!

MONNICA

No ordinary thing I am going to ask of you.

THANIS

It will probably be granted in no ordinary way!

MONNICA

Large ends justify strenuous means. We must all, at some time or other, do the unexpected, in case of great stress.

THANIS

You have very properly introduced me to the unexpected. Will you go on?

MONNICA

Thanis - you make it very hard for me - I have a son--

THANIS

It is quite usual. I, too, have a son.

MONNICA

He is beautiful, and brilliant, and lovable; he has a future before him.

THANIS

Why did you not make him ugly, and stupid, and unlikable; then I should not have loved him.

MONNICA

If you love him, will you stand in the way of his future?

THANIS

Do you have to ask me to see what is in your saintly

Dear Mr. [Name],
I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear
that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
autumn weather.

Yours truly,

[Name]
[Address]
[City, State, Zip]

I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear
that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
autumn weather.

I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear
that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
autumn weather.

I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear
that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
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that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
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I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear
that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
autumn weather.

I have your letter of the 10th and am glad to hear
that you are well and hope you are enjoying the
autumn weather.

heart? Could you not at least have let me see and act for myself?

MONNICA

If you see, can you do other than act?

THANIS

You have spoiled my seeing. You will have to tell me now. What should I see?

MONNICA

Can you not see that my son is in sore travail of spirit? He lives a divided life, he is not true to the highest he knows.

THANIS

Why have you not taught him to see more clearly? to live more devotedly? to be true to the light he knows?

MONNICA

My words are not the only words he hears; my love is not the only love that holds him.

THANIS

He is free - he must choose.

MONNICA

The time is ripe. He must choose.

(Monnica moves nearer the fountain and stands looking down, as though unmindful of the presence of Thanis. Thanis moves to one or two lamps and turns down the flame, softening the glow. Presently she retgoes to the shrine, her eyes on Monnica. She claps her hands. Sita appears.)

THANIS

Bring wine, Sita. (Sita goes) I am forgetful of courtesy. Take to yourself comfort, Monnica, there are seats and cushions.

(Monnica sinks to the fountain-curb where she is standing. Sita brings glasses. Monnica refuses. Sita brings them to Thanis. Thanis takes a small glass and drinks, returning the glass to Sita's tray. Sita goes.)

And when must I choose?

(Monnica raises her head and looks at her, surprised)

MONNICA

You? choose? choose what?

THANIS

Just what is it you want Augustine to choose? We might begin there. It might help me.

Dear Mr. [Name],
I am very sorry to hear that you are ill.

I hope you will get better soon.

I am sure you will be back to work in no time.

I am very sorry to hear that you are ill.

I hope you will get better soon.

I am sure you will be back to work in no time.

I am very sorry to hear that you are ill.

I hope you will get better soon.

I am sure you will be back to work in no time.

I am very sorry to hear that you are ill.

I hope you will get better soon.

I am sure you will be back to work in no time.

I am very sorry to hear that you are ill.

I hope you will get better soon.

MONNICA

But - to think of your choosing -

THANIS

Very well, then don't think of me, at all; think only of him. What shall he choose?

MONNICA

He must turn from blindness to light; from the guidance of all except the one true God; from the affections of the flesh to the rejoicings of the spirit; from the love that is but of the earth earthy, to love of the heavenly Father.

THANIS

Is this, then, what you offer him - light, guidance, affection, love?

MONNICA

Even these.

THANIS

I cannot see but he has them all now.

MONNICA

It is given only to the spiritual to discern the things of the spirit. They of the flesh cannot see the divine.

(Thanis turns swiftly to the septizonia and begins to touch the spheres, moving them lightly, gazing into some)

THANIS

Let me see if the stars say that is to be his fate.

(Monnica rises hastily)

MONNICA

Thanis! not in my presence! cause me not to profane my maker!

(Thanis turns to her slowly. She is a gleaming figure, of color, light, dazzle, jewels. Monnica stands before her, tall, austere, in her plain dark robe. When Thanis speaks a husky sweetness has driven the hard bitterness from her tone)

THANIS

Let me tell you what I see for him, what I would choose for him. I choose for him beauty, without which there is no joy; I choose for him joy, because joy comes out of love; I choose for him love, because all real living comes but by loving. You would give to him divine love apart from the human; I will give him human love because it cannot be apart from the divine.

MONNICA

This is emptiness, blasphemy. You are leaving out God, and truth.

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THANIS

I give him the stars for God, and truth. They will never mislead him. I give him night, and day, in which to learn and love. I give him his child, to be noble for, in all his living.

MONNICA

Thanis, this is vain babbling. My son must marry. You must free him, and go - return to Carthage - anywhere - but you must break this bond.

THANIS

Go? I, go? Would you have him lose his son, the light of his eyes and the pride of his very being?

MONNICA

His son? Lose his son?

(Monnica comes a step nearer, they gaze into each other's eyes)

Did you imagine you could take with you Augustine's son?

THANIS

What should I do? -- Do you mean - that I should go - and leave my son - to you - my son?

MONNICA

You have not the slightest claim upon him - there is no bond - what else can you do?

(For a moment Thanis remains as if transfixed, then with a wild gesture of calling down the curses of the gods she throws up her right arm)

THANIS

May all the stars rain upon you the fury of their thunderbolts; may the sun shrivel you until your heart is a scarred and blackened deadness, afraid to beat in your breast; may the moon smite you till your mind knows not the way of its wanderings, and babbles forever of a helpless child snatched from its mother's love and care; may the -

(Sita appears, stopping in terror at the top of the stairs; Thanis pauses)

SITA

It is the noble Augustine, to see the gracious Thanis -

(Monnica gathers her mantle and starts wildly for the other stairway. Steps are heard. Sita waits. Thanis stretches her arm across Monnica's way.)

THANIS

Stay! look upon your son - tell him what you have told me -

MONNICA

Thanis! stand aside - I will not tarry - my son -

(Thanis snatches a libation waiting in a crystal chalice on the altar of the septizonia; she dashes it after the fleeing Monnica; the crystal shatters into bits)

THANIS

You make deadly poison of the air we breathe! Go!

(Augustine appers. Sita runs.)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis! my beloved! what has happened?

(Thanis flings herself into his arms and he holds her as she is shaken by a fury of weeping)

(Short interval of darkness. As the light comes again Augustine stands by a pillar, left, looking down into the waters of the fountain. He is silent, thoughtful, troubled.

Thanis is moving from one lamp to another turning up the softly colored lights until the whole garden is warmly aglow; the lights catch the gleam in her draperies, her jewels, her blue-black hair. She is a figure of light, color, motion.)

THANIS

Augustine - let us go back - let us have beauty - let us be ourselves - let us forget -

(She sees that he is not looking at her, apparently not hearing. A little note of fear, of wild appeal, slips into her voice.)

Augustine - you are not forgetting - (she goes to him, standing before him, in all the lure of her beauty) - you are remembering - remembering how much has come since we used to have happiness -- here--, is beauty no longer beautiful?

(Augustine's voice comes as though from far away)

AUGUSTINE

Is truth no longer true?

(Vigor sweeps into Thanis, she sits by the fountain facing him)

THANIS

Truth is never true till we make it so, till we make it by living it. Let us find it for ourselves, Augustine. Sit here by me.

(Augustine sits, they face each other by the fountain)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis, what is the meaning of these reports my mother hears?

(Thanis turns her head away, suppressing her anger)

THANIS

What reports are these, Augustine?

AUGUSTINE

There is a feeling rife that Justine traffics with you for support in her cause.

THANIS

Justina would traffic with the powers of darkness if it would aid her cause!

AUGUSTINE

There are those who would say you are one of their company, Thanis.

THANIS

The company is a goodly one. The spirit of evil himself would be a noble gentleman if Justina decided to use him!

AUGUSTINE

But you?

THANIS

You doubt me. - Yet it is not strange. Justina has often consulted my father, and in his absence I have been her minister in his place. I have sought for her the guidance of my faith.

AUGUSTINE

Has she tried to influence your decrees?

THANIS

She would try to influence the nod of Jove himself!

AUGUSTINE

And your answers -

THANIS

I have not betrayed the faith of my fathers.

AUGUSTINE

Would that I could say as much!

THANIS

Augustine - ?

AUGUSTINE

(Motioning with his hand)- All this is my constant betrayal.

THANIS

(Puzzled)- All this?

AUGUSTINE

Tell me - this Goth - is he in your service?

THANIS

He is among Justina's followers.

THAT REPORTS THE LOSS OF A PERSON

THEY ARE A FEELING OF LOSS OF A PERSON
THE REPORT IS NOT A PERSON

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AUGUSTINE

Are they not in league to overthrow Ambrose, and are not you in their aid?

THANIS

You have learned well the charges!

(Sita enters, bows low before Thanis)

SITA

Gracious lady! (Thanis signs to her, she rises)

THANIS

Speak, Sita.

SITA

The little Adeodatus is below -

AUGUSTINE

I forgot! I brought him with me!

SITA

He begs that he be allowed to see the crowds in the streets. They throng the basilica.

THANIS

Let him look all he wishes from the balcony, Sita, but let him not go into the streets.

SITA

(Bowing)- Yes, my lady.

AUGUSTINE

Guard him well, Sita, till I return.

SITA

(Bowing)- It shall be my pleasure, my lord. (She goes out)

AUGUSTINE

It is all wearisome and a trouble. These crowds - does Justine still hope?

THANIS

Justina is not given to hoping, she works. While she is not dead she rules. But the auguries are not in her favor. I am in disrepute.

AUGUSTINE

(Quickly)- Thanis - are you in danger?

THANIS

(Shrugging)- All those who do not win her cause are in danger with Justina. If Ambrose should win -

AUGUSTINE

What may I with safety hope for? If Ambrose wins, you are in danger; if Justina, it is my mother who will suffer.

THEY

the fact that in order to obtain a license, and the
not yet in their hands

THEY

You have learned all the details

of the matter, from the police station

THEY

of the matter, from the police station

THEY

Speak, please

THEY

The little children in the

THEY

I forgot I forgot I forgot

THEY

We passed it on to the other side of the road and
the other side of the road

THEY

Let the little children in the
the little children in the

THEY

Speaking - Yes, yes, yes

THEY

Of the little children in the

THEY

Of the little children in the

THEY

It is all written in the book, the book
of the little children in the

THEY

Of the little children in the
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THANIS

Ambrose will have the power. Justina will return to Rome. And I - oh Augustine, let us go away, you and I, and our son. Let us go back to Carthage, we were so happy there. Let us put away this trouble which melts your spirit. I, too, feel it. Here, something hovers over us. Shadows always fall upon our joy.

(Sound of the lute is heard, they listen. Augustine sits with his head bowed in his hands.)

It is our son; no other lad is quite like him.

AUGUSTINE

(Heavily)- And my mother -

THANIS

I know how you love her. But let us not think of her tonight. Let us have our love, and our son, and our happiness. (She rises)- Let us ask guidance of the stars; so fair the night, all moonlight, and no mist.

(Thanis turns the lights low. The moonlight streams in. She goes to the shrine, softly flooding it with light. As she busies herself with the spheres she speaks on softly. Augustine still remains bowed. Her voice comes like silver waters falling)

THANIS

Let all tumult be hushed; hushed the images of earth, of the seas, of the air; hushed be the poles of heaven; all dreams, and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign;-(she kindles the sacred flame on the altar and white smoke slowly rises, silvered by the light)- hushed be whatsoever exists only in transition. Let the white silence of the stars enfold us; let us enter into joy.

(She pauses and turns to look at Augustine. She might be some lovely vision from the stars themselves, blue and silver, with the gleaming shrine at her back and the smoke softly curling among the silver spheres. As her voice ceases Augustine raises his head and sees her. He rises, gazing at her as if spell-bound. He takes a step or two toward her, then pauses. His words come hoarsely)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis! --Thanis! not that -- oh, not that!

(He stumbles toward her, but falls on his knees by a marble bench and buries his face in his arms. Thanis comes swiftly to him)

THANIS

Augustine, my beloved! What is it - oh what is it?
(Outside in the streets, far off, are heard the cries of the mob, clamoring and shouting at the gate of the basilica. They listen)

THANKS

Thank you very much for the letter. I am glad to hear from you and that you are well. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same. I am glad to hear that you are well and hope this letter finds you the same.

I am glad to hear from you and that you are well. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same.

I am glad to hear from you and that you are well. I am well and hope this letter finds you the same.

THANKS

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THANKS

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THANIS

You are ill - this heaviness upon your spirit -

(Augustine gets up and sits heavily on the bench.
Thanis kneels beside him, stroking his hair.)

AUGUSTINE

Touch me not - oh my darling, touch me not! (He
shrinks from her touch. She rises, and stands looking
down at him) - My soul is heavy within me, yet would I
tell you -

(Sita appears, coming hesitantly as she sees
Augustine's attitude)

SITA

Gracious lady - (Thanis sees her and goes to her)

THANIS

Speak, Sita.

SITA

The noble Romanianus is below, asking for thee.

THANIS

Say to him that he should wait. Take him to Adeodatus
on the balcony. Tell him I may have need of him.

SITA

(Discreetly, trying to see past Thanis to Augustine)
Yes, my lady.

(Sita goes, turning for a last look as she disappears.
Thanis goes back to Augustine)

THANIS

Tell it me, then. Trouble shared is less trouble
than when borne alone.

AUGUSTINE

(Rising)- Then let me stand - come not near me -

(He moves to the statue, but draws back from it;
toward the shrine, but shrinks as if struck; to
the fountain, then stands straight and alone in
the middle of the garden. All this is done as he
speaks:)

Where shall I turn - where go- everywhere- everywhere-
shrines to the faith that is strangling my purpose;
evidences of the love that must be no more mine.

THANIS

Augustine! trouble has shaken your reason!

AUGUSTINE

Reason can totter, but Love - it will never cease
to torment me!

THANIS

Love - a torment- Beloved! some dream shakes you!

What is the best way to get the most out of life?

There is no one answer, but there are a few things that can help you get the most out of life.

First, you need to know what you want. This is the most important step, and it is the one that is often overlooked.

Next, you need to have a plan. This is the second most important step, and it is the one that is often overlooked.

Then, you need to have the courage to follow through. This is the third most important step, and it is the one that is often overlooked.

Finally, you need to have the patience to wait. This is the fourth most important step, and it is the one that is often overlooked.

These are the four most important steps to getting the most out of life.

And, of course, you need to have the love to do it. This is the fifth most important step, and it is the one that is often overlooked.

Love is the most important thing in life. It is the love that makes all the difference.

Love is the love that makes all the difference. It is the love that makes all the difference.

Love is the love that makes all the difference. It is the love that makes all the difference.

Love is the love that makes all the difference. It is the love that makes all the difference.

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Love is the love that makes all the difference. It is the love that makes all the difference.

Love is the love that makes all the difference. It is the love that makes all the difference.

Love is the love that makes all the difference. It is the love that makes all the difference.

It will away with the dawn.

AUGUSTINE

Would it were but a dream! No, Thanis, - it will not away with the dawn.

(He sits in the bench near the fountain. Thanis is still on the other bench where he left her. She rises to go to him, but sits again at his words)

Do not come to me - I must be strong alone.

THANIS

Tell me, then.

AUGUSTINE

I have heard the voice of God. Day by day, and night after night, uttereth speech to my spirit. When I lie down at night, it is in my dreams; when I awake with the morning, it arises with the light.

THANIS

But is it so fearful a thing to have your god speak to you Augustine? It is perhaps a revelation.

AUGUSTINE

Would that the revelation might come, and I might feel his presence.

THANIS

We should sacrifice.

AUGUSTINE

It is not sacrifice that God asks of me, else would I give it.

THANIS

My gods are kinder; but go on.

AUGUSTINE

I am bound by the chains of sin. God will not hear me until I have cast it out.

THANIS

But surely - if you know that - you can do it. Cast out the sin.

(Augustine buries his face again in his hands and groans. Then he raises it and looks at her)

AUGUSTINE

But the sin - it is the thing most precious in my life.

THANIS

Most precious?

AUGUSTINE

The sin is - (pause - the lute is heard, and a childish laugh) - our love, Thanis.

It will stay with the day.

My dear,

Thank you very much for the letter. I will not
forget it.

I am glad to hear from you and to hear
that you are well. I am well and hope
this letter finds you the same.

My love to you and to the children.

Yours,

John Doe

My dear,

I have been thinking of you and of the
letter you wrote me. I am glad to hear
that you are well and hope this letter
finds you the same.

Yours,

John Doe

My dear,

I am glad to hear from you and to hear
that you are well. I am well and hope
this letter finds you the same.

Yours,

John Doe

My dear,

I am glad to hear from you and to hear
that you are well. I am well and hope
this letter finds you the same.

Yours,

John Doe

My dear,

I am glad to hear from you and to hear
that you are well. I am well and hope
this letter finds you the same.

Yours,

John Doe

I am glad to hear from you and to hear
that you are well. I am well and hope
this letter finds you the same.

Yours,

John Doe

My dear,

John Doe

My dear,

I am glad to hear from you and to hear
that you are well. I am well and hope
this letter finds you the same.

Yours,

(Thanis rises,gazing at him a moment,transfixed)

THANIS

Monnica said to me something like that - there is something strange in a god that calls love sin.

AUGUSTINE

It is not that love is sin, it is that we love the human and not the divine. God would have me love himself alone.

THANIS

I cannot understand this God. Has someone told you this about him?

AUGUSTINE

It is his voice in my heart. If I do not listen, I shall die of the struggle; if I listen -

THANIS

(Sharp terror in her voice)- Augustine - say it not!

AUGUSTINE

The voice of God calls me to be baptized, and join his church; to follow in his ways; to seek rest on his heart; to give up all fleshly desires; to be filled with a holy love for him alone.

(The smoke still goes up from the altar, the cries of voices are again heard in the streets)

THANIS

(Tenderly)- You can be baptized,Augustine - go to the bishop and let it be done; you can follow in the ways of your god, and befilled with a holy love for him; you can be zealous in the workd of the church, even as Monnica, who is forcing you to this. Yet can you preserve our love - where is the evil? I withhold you not from your god - worship him,love him; I ask not marriage even - only that our love may not be caste aside.

AUGUSTINE

Thanis - it cannot be.

THANIS

I will leave your house, if you wish - I will live here, with my son. And after the heat of the day, and the restlessness of your labors, calm shall await you here, and the love of Thanis, making you whole.

AUGUSTINE

My beloved! tempt me not!

(Thanis goes to him and kneels at his side,letting her presence plead for her)

THANIS

All this can be yours, and still your god be pleased.

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Leave not the whole beautiful world to which we belong;
be not blind to it. The night with its stars shall
bless us; the sun shall call us to newness of living.
All will be well -

(As she pauses Sita's light step is heard on the
stairs. Augustine and Thanis are so absorbed in each
other they do not hear her. She pauses, and while
she hesitates to speak, Monnica brushes past her
and enters unannounced. She pauses as she sees Augus-
tine and Thanis. She turns and waves Sita out, then
goes forward.)

MONNICA

I am looking for my son.

(Thanis rises swiftly, Augustine slowly, looking
dazed. Thanis turns to him and puts both hands
on his arm)

AUGUSTINE

Mother!

THANIS

(Her voice shakes)- Monnica! -- Augustine, tell her
to go. Don't let her come here now - I can't bear
it. Tell her to go.

MONNICA

I have no desire to remain longer than to give my message.
I have paused on my way home from the basilica. Seeing
Adeodatus on the balcony, I thought you might be here,
my son. Have you forgotten - you are awaited at the
home of Manlius Theodorus tonight, by the bride of your
betrothal, Ilerda?

(Thanis drops her hands from Augustine's arm and
steps back)

AUGUSTINE

(Dazed)- Ilerda?

THANIS

Ilerda!

(Augustine and Thanis stand speechless, staring at
each other. Without a word more, Monnica goes out)

Thanis moves away from Augustine, slowly, backward
toward the shrine, her eyes not leaving his face)

I had forgotten! Your betrothed awaits you. Where
now is this voice of your god in your heart?

(Augustine moves toward her - she puts out her hand
(to keep him from touching her)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis! by all the gods - yours and mine - I swear -

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THANIS

Swear not by the gods - yours and mine - any gods; they wear out, like women. Once Jove was king, his turn came and he went; the Nazarene is going; each one goes. Gods, like women, and clothes, wear out - they must be changed.

AUGUSTINE

Thanis - you don't know what you are saying. I swear to you - this is none of my choosing. I did not even know, until today, of this arrangement of the betrothal. It was thrust upon me; I am helpless. You know the law - a marriage contract may be drawn between the parents of those to be joined. It was arranged for my advancement, and the good of the church, through my mother. Until Manlius was in my house, I had no knowledge of his intentions and his expectations of my action.

THANIS

It was planned to make my going certain! Can nothing be done?

AUGUSTINE

The Roman law - tradition -

THANIS

It is inevitable.

AUGUSTINE

One thing alone can release me.

THANIS

And that?

AUGUSTINE

Vows to holy church.

THANIS

But that will mean -

AUGUSTINE

Divine love, and that only - forever! --- It is what my soul should desire. It is whither God would lead me.

THANIS

And I? You are all-powerful. What matters it to you, renown and fortune are yours, adoration, prestige. The church will give you honor. You will have no price to pay, for a change which threatens neither your power, your fame, nor your wealth. -- And my only god is love, my guide the inscrutable stars. I love not so much with my soul as with all the beauty of the body lifted into joy and fragrance. -- I shall go into loneliness, into nothingness. And my son --- (she starts, looks at him with all the wildness of a deadly fear in her eyes) my son! Augustine - what will be the fate of my son? Monnica - of course it is not true - the monstrous thing she said -

AUGUSTINE

What - did mother say?

THANIS

She said, "The place of a son is in his father's house". I should return to my father in Carthage, she said - and my son -(a new terror strikes her)- Will he be hers? Will he be Monnica's? Augustine! I swear - never shall this be. She shall not have him. Rather will I put him to sleep, and lay him under the perfumed waters of the fountain, destroy him forever - rather will I do this with my son, with my own hands, than leave him to her!

AUGUSTINE

By all the stars of blessing over childhood, take back your words, Thanis.

THANIS

I swear it. By the beauty of this night, by the peace of this place. It shall not be that I lose my son to her. Oh Augustine - come away - it is not too late. The child is below - let us go, now, into the beauty of the stars, and of love. (She stretches out her hands to him, he does not move. Shouting is heard again, afar off)- Listen - the shouts of idle dreamers, who fancy they are cured of their ills. Such miracles may turn the common crowd into protectors of the basilica, even as Ambrose probably imagined. But what are miracles like those, to the miracle we shall make of our love?

(He takes her hands, draws her to him, bows his head over hers as it rests on his shoulder)

AUGUSTINE

Thou only true God - do thou come to our help!

(Pause - Thanis raises her face, her head thrown back, still in his arms, and gazes into her eyes)

THANIS

Augustine - what was it! -- I felt - a power.

(Augustine puts one hand on her head, looking down into her face)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis - it is the power of God.

THANIS

It is the power of love. -- Could they be the same? -- What will it do to us?

AUGUSTINE

Oh that I might give it my fullest allegiance!

THANIS

I am afraid, Augustine. What will it mean?

AUGUSTINE

It will mean wholeness of heart; it will mean

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the death of sin; it will mean purity, and service, and peace!

(Thanis draws slowly away from him, still gazing into his eyes)

THANIS

Will it mean - all of that - to you?

AUGUSTINE

It will mean all of that, and more.

THANIS

(In awe)- Oh - it is what I feel when I am alone with the stars! -- But it will not stay with you, Augustine - you will come back, you will want me - you will want me! You cannot live without me, Augustine.

(Augustine stands shaken, broken, all his attitude showing he believes her. Then he again raises his head, straightens, faces her, speaks quietly)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis, I have prayed to God.

THANIS

Love is my god.

(She turns slowly to the shrine; kindles anew the flame on the altar, and the silver smoke once more rises. She kneels, and stretches her arms upward to the flame and the silver spheres. Augustine is motionless. As she speaks and he begins to understand the import of her words, he raises his right arm over her head, as in blessing)

Receive me - Love - long have I tended thy shrine-long hath my incense burned on thy altar. Receive me, thy priestess, fleeing to thee. I have nothing other than Love; this do I, this is all I know. That which I do, equip me for the journey. If they who find refuge in thee find thee by faith, give me faith! if by virtue, give me virtue; if by knowledge, give me knowledge! Thee have I followed; by whatsoever things thou mayest be felt after, even these do I seek from thee! If thou desert me, I perish!

(For a moment after she has finished, there is silence; the smoke rises, the spheres gleam. Then she rises. He puts out his arms to her, but she puts out her hand that he must not touch her. His arms go back to his sides and he stands quiet.)

THANIS

Augustine - leave not this place till thou hast found thy God, and pledged unto him thy loyalty.

(She moves toward him, past him, toward the stairs, turns and looks at him. All the longing, sharp and

the heart of him, it is a heart of love, and love is the only power that can conquer hate.

There is love in every heart, and love is the only power that can conquer hate.

There is love in every heart, and love is the only power that can conquer hate.

There is love in every heart, and love is the only power that can conquer hate.

There is love in every heart, and love is the only power that can conquer hate.

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There is love in every heart, and love is the only power that can conquer hate.

passionate, of a strong man for the woman he loves
forces itself into Augustine's tones in the one word)

AUGUSTINE

Thanis!

THANIS

Go, with God, Augustine! (She reaches the stairs, stops,
gives a little cry)- Augustine!

(Augustine goes swiftly to her)

It is our son. He sleeps.

(Augustine lifts the child and carries him to the
fountain, laying him down upon its curb and putting
a cushion under his head.

Thanis watches from the stairs, then goes)

(Augustine, left alone but for the sleeping child,
goes to the shrine, pauses, turns away; turns back,
and kneels before the shrine. During this scene the
light of the moon gradually fades, and nearly all
the time it is very dim, except for the fitful flame
on the altar. At the end, dawn is becoming to come)

AUGUSTINE

Though this be not an altar to the true God, yet do I
feel he is in this place.

O God, let me be heard by thee - God, through whom
are all things, who hast created beauty, all this beauty
of night and the stars. God! who art loved, wittingly
or unwittingly, by everything that is capable of loving;
who has willed that none but the pure should know the
truth. God! the father of our awakening and illumina-
tion, the father of the pledge by which we return unto
thee.

Thee I invoke, O God, the truth, the light; from
whom to be turned away is to fall; to whom to be turned
back is to rise again, in whom to abide is to stand firm.

To thee I feel I must turn: I knock: may thy door
be opened unto me; teach me the way to thee. How to
approach thee I do not know; do thou instruct me, show
me, give me my provision for the way.

I have broken loose from sin, and am resolved to
serve God: from this hour, in this place, I begin.

Give me chastity, and continency; let me not wan-
der through crooked ways of superstition. Let sin
die in me, let me not perish from thy presence.

I cast myself upon thee: accept my sacrifice.
Remember not my iniquities, put an end to my unclean-
ness. Let the darkness of doubt vanish away - let the
light of thy peace come into my heart.

(Augustine rises. The sky is beginning to be pale
with dawn. He faces the new day.)

Light! peace! joy! --- O Monnica, my mother, how
long and with what tears have you prayed for this hour!
The gladness of a new dawn is about to come to you!

Small, dark, round, and very hard, the stone is found in the
limestone of the Devonian period.

DESCRIPTION

Size

The stone is small, dark, round, and very hard, the stone is found in the
limestone of the Devonian period.

The stone is small, dark, round, and very hard, the stone is found in the
limestone of the Devonian period.

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limestone of the Devonian period.

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limestone of the Devonian period.

(He goes out, right. So absorbed is he that he goes without his outer robe, which remains behind him on the floor. Silence, growing dawn; the child Adeodatus stirs.)

(Enter Thanis, in the faint rose glow that is beginning to come in the sky. She is dressed in a simple white robe. Her long blue-black hair hangs over her shoulders. She stops at the entrance of the garden, looks toward the shrine where she left Augustine. The following scene is done in pantomime.)

Thanis goes slowly toward the shrine; stands as though thinking; it is as though life in her is at a stand-still, not knowing whether to go or stay.

The smoke no longer goes up from the altar; she kindles the sacrifice anew, takes the sacred taper, always burning, holds it above the fragrant incense she has placed, but touching it not, she returns the taper to its place, standing mute, as though desire to light it had died.

She touches the crystal spheres, one by one, as if intending to seek guidance of the cult of her fathers, but the deftness of her fingers falters, and she stands silent, the act of devotion unfinished. She seems to carry with her an increasing mantle of full silence, like the hush before a great storm, or the resistless rolling up of a great wave before it breaks.

She kneels, stretching up her arms to the disc of the new moon, glowing now more faintly as dawn begins to whiten; but she lets them fall, and rests her bowed head on them for a moment, in white abandon.

She rises, moves toward the group of palms where Monnica had been earlier. Her foot touches something—it is the mantle of Augustine, which he left behind. She sweeps it into her arms, for a moment holding it passionately to her, then wearily she lets it fall. She goes on to the palms. As the remembrance of Monnica rushes over her, she leaps into life; her up-flung right arm is the same gesture with which she drew heaven's curses upon the fleeing Monnica; but suddenly the fire in her dies, her arm falls, her head droops. She turns, and looks at the mantle lying on the ground where she dropped it. Slowly she stoops, gathers it up, tenderly holding it as if it were a child, in her arms; she raises it high on her arms, then with one step forward she stoops and places it within, on the marble bench where Monnica sat.

She goes to the statue of Astarte; perhaps unconsciously, as she stands before it, she takes the

same pose as its marble beauty holds; then with silent fingers she removes the flowers, and starts with them to the fountain. Then, for the first time, she realizes the presence of the child. The flowers fall unheeded from her fingers. With swift steps she stands looking down at him.

A passionate brooding takes the place of her calm. She drops to her knees beside him. With hot tenderness she touches his hair, his brow, his hands; she puts her hand on his knee, and draws it caressingly down the slim firm flesh till she grasps lightly the white foot as it drops gently over the curb toward her, heavy in sleep.

She watches his breathing, resting her head lightly against his heart. Then she sits back for a moment, as though resting in the silence that enfolds them.

Slowly she draws from her girdle a tiny vial, and holds it up to the slowly deepening light. Then she returns it to her girdle.

She picks up the lute, and holding it to her, rests her cheek against it; then she lays it gently on the ground.

She takes a handkerchief from her girdle, again takes out the vial, pours some of the contents into the handkerchief, returns the vial. She floats the handkerchief over the child's face; he stirs, turns his face away, throws up one arm lightly over his head, then settles into deep repose.

She rises on her knees, and gathers his head and shoulders gently into the circle of her arm; with the other hand she drops the handkerchief at her feet. She lays him back again, and rising, raises her arms to the dawn, sweeping them upward, as though bearing on high a gift to the morning. For a moment she stands poised. Then she stoops to Adeodatus; she gathers him to her breast, gently, on her knees beside him; he remains inert, a faint smile upon his lips. Gently she raises him, and stretches out her arms till he is poised over the water; a breath from the dawn sends the spray sifting over the face and form of the child - he stirs, flings an arm around her neck, and heavy with sleep, falls back again. She snatches him to her again close, holding him passionately, resting her head against his.

Then she suddenly lays him down, the strength of her purpose failing her. As she does so, one little foot falls over the edge of the curb into the water. The child gives a little shudder. Instantly Thanis snatches the foot from the water; with passionate tenderness she dries it with her long unbound hair. She lays it tenderly on the white curb. Then she

swiftly draws the little white foot to her breast, bends her head down over it, and sobs in utter, despairing abandon.

CURTAIN

ACT III

Setting

(The Ambrosian Basilica. Suggestion is used, not detail, in the setting. The different parts of the basilica are revealed or blotted out by the lighting. Part of the nave, the steps of the altar, transepts and choir, are seen at various times throughout the act.

As the curtain rises, light reveals part of the transept, right, and shines on down the nave. Right, a little more than half way down is a simple catafalque on which rests a coffin covered with two stained and torn mantles.

Voices are heard from chapel, right, then two figures are seen entering through the transept. They are Ilerda and Adeodatus. Adeodatus comes first, followed closely by Ilerda. They are evidently much in awe and a bit frightened, pausing often as they talk.

Outside a dull clamor of voices is heard, with Frequent cries distinguishable from the general uproar. This is finally succeeded by a bugle call and the tramp of soldier's feet.

ILERDA

I don't like to be here all alone - do you?

ADEODATUS

Oh it's quite perfectly all right. ---- Besides, you're not all alone - I'm here.

ILERDA

Anyhow, my father said it was all right to come.

ADEODATUS

Is he going to wait in the chapel till the service?

ILERDA

Yes. -- Oh, wait a minute.

(Adeodatus turns quickly)

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ADEODATUS

What's the matter?

ILERDA

I thought I saw something - over there, behind me.

ADEODATUS

Well, don't look behind you. Look over here, where it's light.

ILERDA

(Plaintively)- It isn't very light anywhere.

ADEODATUS

They can't keep the lights on all the time. Wait till the service. It will be beautiful. My father said so.

ILERDA

Didn't you ever see it for yourself?

ADEODATUS

No. Did you?

ILERDA

(Laughing triumphantly)- Why, of course I have, lots of times. Why haven't you?

ADEODATUS

I don't know. Why have you?

ILERDA

I come with my father, often, to worship.

ADEODATUS

My father doesn't come. My grandmother does, but mother doesn't let me come with her. How do you worship in a place like this?

ILERDA

(Astonished)- What - did - you - say?

ADEODATUS

I said - how do you worship in a place like this?

ILERDA

(Much amused)- Where would you worship?

ADEODATUS

(Looking around him)- It's all - so - shut in; no trees, or palms, no shrine, no flowers. I worship the stars; you can't even see the stars in here.

ILERDA

(Shocked)- Oh - Adeodatus - are you a pagan?

ADEODATUS

(Quickly, stung by her tone)- Certainly not; I don't know what it is, but I'm not.

ANNOUNCING

That's the matter

LETTER

I thought I was too young - over there, looking at

ANNOUNCING

and, don't look smiling too, look over there, there
it's funny.

LETTER

(Slightly) - It's just like a letter.

ANNOUNCING

They don't want the light on all the time, this is
the answer, to all the trouble.

LETTER

Don't you ever see it, the trouble?

ANNOUNCING

No, and you?

LETTER

(Slightly) - It's just like a letter, it's
of course, the answer, you?

ANNOUNCING

I don't know, why not you?

LETTER

I come with my father, often, in answer.

ANNOUNCING

Up to the point, you, in the answer, don't
forget, don't, but no more with you, you in the
this is a piece like this

LETTER

(Slightly) - What - what - you - what?

ANNOUNCING

I will - how do you know it's a piece like this?

LETTER

(Slightly) - There, what you know?

ANNOUNCING

(Slightly) - It's all - it's all - it's all -
it's all - it's all - it's all - it's all -
the same; you don't even see the same in here.

LETTER

(Slightly) - It's the same - the same - the same?

ANNOUNCING

(Slightly) - It's the same - It's the same -
don't you see it, the same?

ILERDA

But you should worship God.

ADEODATUS

Oh I know all about the gods, my mother has told me.

ILERDA

But - well, never mind.

ADEODATUS

Where are the bones?

ILERDA

The what?

ADEODATUS

The bones - of the dead men.

ILERDA

Oh - you mean the relics - of the martyrs. You should say relics, Adeodatus.

ADEODATUS

Why should I?

ILERDA

Because - they are to be respected. It doesn't sound respected to say just plain bones.

ADEODATUS

They are just plain bones, aren't they?

ILERDA

No - just plain bones can't heal people.

ADEODATUS

Heal people?

ILERDA

What do you think these bones are here for? in this basilica?

ADEODATUS

How do they heal people? Is that why all these people are waiting around outside, to be healed?

ILERDA

Yes. Hear them shout. I'm glad they can't get in.

ADEODATUS

Don't you want them to be healed?

ILERDA

I don't want them to get in while I'm here. Father says it's wonderful, their finding these relics. Now the people are sure this is the true religion. The Gothic soldiers are all gone away and Ambrose is safe.

1941

My dear Mr. [Name]

Thank you very much for your letter of the 10th.

I am glad to hear that you are well and hope you are enjoying your trip.

I am,

Very truly yours,

[Signature]

[Name]

1941

My dear Mr. [Name]

Thank you very much for your letter of the 10th.

I am glad to hear that you are well and hope you are enjoying your trip.

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Very truly yours,

[Signature]

[Name]

1941

My dear Mr. [Name]

ADEODATUS

Yes, I've heard about that. My grandmother is very happy over it.

(Having advanced slowly, stopping often to talk and look around them, the children are now down stage, near the relics. The light is stronger here.)

ILERDA

(Looking all around)- I don't see those relics.

ADEODATUS

(Seeing the catafalque)- Could this be it?
(They approach hesitantly)

ILERDA

That isn't bones -

ADEODATUS

You didn't expect to see them scattered around the place, did you? like flowers growing in a garden?

ILERDA

What's that over it?

ADEODATUS

(Going closer)- This is it - it's a coffin, covered with -

(He puts out his hand, Ilerda gives a little scream)

ILERDA

Don't - don't touch it -

ADEODATUS

(Drawing back)- Why not? what will it do to me? I thought you said it would heal people.

ILERDA

Well, you don't have to be healed, there's nothing the matter with you.

ADEODATUS

I wish something was the matter with me. Wouldn't it be fun to try it out!

ILERDA

Adeodatus! are you wishing to be ill?

ADEODATUS

Why not? if I were healed right away?

(A sound is heard at the front door, near where the children are standing. The door opens, letting in Romanianus and Festus. With them comes a great clamor from the street while the door is open, then it slams with a great thud and the sound becomes only a murmur again.)

ILERDA

Someone's coming - the door's opening!

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...the ... of ...

(She comes close to Adeodatus and catches his hand)

VOICES (outside)

- O mighty one!

- Let me touch thy bier that I may be whole!

- Pray for me!

- Let my sight be restored!

- I am blind, blind!

(The door is shut)

FESTUS

By Bacchus! Shut the door! What a mob! I count the gods kind unto me that I am released from the service of the noble empress-mother and can disport my own part in the world's affairs once more! It is a frantic crowd - with their afflictions spilling all over the place.

(He and Romanianus make sure that the door is shut.)
Were it not for our Augustine you would see me on the way to Rome, where life is gay and not so beset by strife over the gods.

ROMANIANUS

(Still examining the door)- Are you sure it's fast now?

FESTUS

Unless it gives way to an assault. Where is the guard?

ROMANIANUS

(Shrugging)- It is to Ambrose we now look for protection. Is it true that Justine has given up the struggle and gone back to Rome?

FESTUS

(With a knowing wink)- Truth should be guarded, Romanianus. Shout it not in the market-place.

ROMANIANUS

Ah! so! I thought as much. Well, another pretty little case of woman-fury and hatred eddied into calmness again. Would that it had not touched Augustine.

(They come up the nave and discover the children)

FESTUS

Oh ho - whom have we here?

ROMANIANUS

Adeodatus - and Ilerda!

ADEODATUS

Romanianus!

(Adeodatus bows low, kissing the hem of Romanianus' garment. Ilerda extends her hand to be kissed. Romanianus puts his hand on Adeodatus' head, then bowing very low he kisses Ilerda's hand.)

ROMANIANUS

Ah! the lady Ilerda is quite grown-up today.

ILERDA

(Pleased with herself)- Yes. I am instructed to be grown-up now. I am betrothed. (She shows her ring)

FESTUS

(Also greeting Adeodatus and kissing Ilerda's hand)-And may I kiss the ring?

ILERDA

Is it the custom? (She looks from him to Romanianus)

(Festus rises again, he and Romanianus laugh)

FESTUS

And is this the gentleman of your choice, fair lady?

ILERDA

He? Oh no! That's Adeodatus! We play together. He has a lute. No - I am betrothed to the noble Augustine.

FESTUS

(Blankly)- To - Augustine? (He looks at Romanianus)

ROMANIANUS

Even so. Monnica wins.

ADEODATUS

Monnica is my grandmother.

ROMANIANUS

(Winking at Festus)- And a noble lady she is. What are you doing here?

ILERDA

Looking for the relics.

ADEODATUS

(Confidentially)- The bones. Couldn't I break a leg or something, and see them heal me?

(Romanianus and Festus shout with laughter)

FESTUS

Even as the mob, he has faith!

ILERDA

(Pointing to the stained drapery)- Are they in there?

FESTUS

(Taking a step toward it)- Yes. Shall I open it?

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ILERDA

(Grasping hold of Adeodatus)- Oh no! - pray do not!

ADEODATUS

Go on - let them out! (To Ilerda)- Don't you want to see what it's all about?

(Bugle call is heard outside.)

ILERDA

What's that?

FESTUS

Guard coming, I suppose.

ADEODATUS

It isn't my father's party coming here, is it?

ROMANIANUS

It might be. The time is very nearly come.

ADEODATUS

(To Festus)- My father is being baptized in this basilica.

ILERDA

(Quickly)- So are you, along with him.

ADEODATUS

Yes, so am I. I was told to wait here for him. Romanianus - what is it to be baptized? They told me this morning it was to happen today. Everyone is so busy. And I couldn't find my mother - Sita keeps saying she is out and will soon return. That's queer- she always has time for me. I haven't seen her since last night.

ROMANIANUS

Poor little son! I guess all there is to do is to keep on waiting.

ADEODATUS

Why do you say "Poor little son"? Does it hurt to be baptized?

ROMANIANUS

It will not hurt you, Adeodatus.

ADEODATUS

(Quickly)- Will it hurt my father?

FESTUS

Son of his mother!

ROMANIANUS

(Tenderly)- He will be very happy, Adeodatus. Don't you want to go to the chapel now, and see if he is waiting for you? And take Ilerda? The neophytes will be coming very soon.

ADEODATUS

(Relieved)- Yes. Come Ilerda. (He takes her by the hand) Let us find my father. (They start up the nave toward the transept, right, and chapel door where they entered. Suddenly Adeodatus turns back, holding Ilerda to wait for him) - I thought I might find my mother here. Will she be here, Romanianus?

ROMANIANUS

Well - I - you might watch for her, son.

ADEODATUS

I'll watch. (Once more he turns back)- What are neophytes, Romanianus?

ROMANIANUS

Oh they're - lovely ladies, all dressed in white. They march in a procession, like a festival, and sing.

(Adeodatus turns again to Ilerda and once more they start up the aisle. His clear young voice comes back out of the shadows)

ADEODATUS

They march, in a procession, like a festival - and they sing. I'll watch for my mother - she likes festivals.

(The chapel door is heard to shut. Romanianus and Festus stand silent. As the door shuts they turn to each other)

ROMANIANUS

By the girdle of Venus! I do swear a noble woman suffers for this!

FESTUS

Thanis - is -- what is Thanis?

ROMANIANUS

The crescent of Astarte has paled! I have not seen her since this - miracle, if you call it so - took place in Augustine, but I know her fears.

FESTUS

It was only yesterday I knew she was not bound to him under the law.

ROMANIANUS

She is bound to him by every other right. That's a son to be proud of - Adeodatus.

FESTUS

And will she be dispossessed - for this child, this infant daughter of Manlius?

ROMANIANUS

So it seems. Yet such is her beauty, her power, I can but feel she will yet win. There is but one real foe.

ALLEGORY

(Preliminary) - Yes, come along. The house was by the sea
and on the left. They were up the road. They were
the first to go, and they were the first to go.
The first to go, and they were the first to go.
The first to go, and they were the first to go.

ALLEGORY

And I - I - you might say for me, too.

ALLEGORY

I'll be there. I'll be there. I'll be there. I'll be there.
I'll be there. I'll be there. I'll be there. I'll be there.

ALLEGORY

On the way to the house, all the way to the house.
They were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they

ALLEGORY

They were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they

ALLEGORY

They were in a procession, like a festival, and they
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were in a procession, like a festival, and they
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ALLEGORY

They were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they
were in a procession, like a festival, and they

ALLEGORY

The argument of the house was that I have not seen
since this - since, if you call it so - since
in August, but I have not seen.

ALLEGORY

It was only yesterday I saw the man who had been to his
house the day before.

ALLEGORY

He is now in his house, and he is now in his house.
He is now in his house, and he is now in his house.

ALLEGORY

And all the time, the time, the time, the time.
And all the time, the time, the time, the time.

ALLEGORY

So it seems, for now, for now, for now, for now.
So it seems, for now, for now, for now, for now.

FESTUS

And that?

ROMANIANUS

Monnica. Her hatred for the mother of Augustine's son is as deep as her love for Augustine himself.

FESTUS

And Augustine himself - caught between Scylla and Charybdis?

ROMANIANUS

Apparently no chance of escape.

FESTUS

So he flies to religion as suicides fly to the knife - in despair.

ROMANIANUS

So I fear, and yet, something strange seems to work upon him. He sent for me this evening; told me of a strange experience that had come to him. He has a feeling - something like a novice - that he is entering on a new life. This baptism is a crowning seal upon a sort of - consecration. Probably it will mean churchly orders.

FESTUS

Churchly orders? Augustine? our Augustine? (He can not control his laughter.)

ROMANIANUS

No doubt it will be a change!

FESTUS

But what of Thanis, and Monnica, and Ilerda? Will his consecration shield him from the ladies?

ROMANIANUS

Monnica will rejoice; Manlius will acquiesce, devoted as he is to the church, and withdraw Ilerda for a better alliance; and Thanis -

FESTUS

Just so - and Thanis! Could she look around the corner from Augustine, think you? A person of parts is here - (he laughingly bows low, with his hand on his heart) - who would think it the highest favor of the gods to look upon her as his goddess.

ROMANIANUS

(Gravely)- If she would look around the corner, you may know with perfect assurance that Romanianus would not permit her to look past him for you!

(He returns Festus' bow, they both laugh. But Romanianus quickly grows grave again.)
Thanis will know no man save Augustine only.

FESTUS

Ah? so! In which event -

THEY

THEY

THEY

He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
in an effort to find Augustine's son.

THEY

He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
in an effort to find Augustine's son.

THEY

He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
in an effort to find Augustine's son.

THEY

He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
in an effort to find Augustine's son.

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He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
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in an effort to find Augustine's son.

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He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
in an effort to find Augustine's son.

THEY

He turned to the mother of Augustine's son
in an effort to find Augustine's son.

ROMANIANUS

In any event, Monnica will see that some far isle removes Augustine from the presence of Thanis. This morning's ceremony will mean the end of the old and the beginning of the new, whatever that new is to be.

FESTUS

The boy Adeodatus seems to be destined to run his race with the father. He is to be baptized also?

ROMANIANUS

Ah! there lies the key to the turning of the lock on the old situation and the opening of the new. I have a feeling that Thanis will act.

FESTUS

Act? my dear Romanianus! Here am I, late of the empress-mother's private basilican guard; can I, think you, press myself into the service of the fair deserted one?

ROMANIANUS

You nay propose, Thanis will dispose.

FESTUS

Pun not away my hopes thus, noble Romanianus! But I see, I see - all doors of entrance have been opened before my tardy arrival. Alas! But my eyes have seen as fair a woman as the gods ever bestowed upon mankind. Nothing can take that from me, at least.

ROMANIANUS

Nothing but the light of another who seems more attainable!

FESTUS

(Laughing)- Wise Romanianus! experience is a great teacher! (He draws his mantle around him)- I think that with your kind permission, noble friend, I will leave you to the companionship of our good friends the martyrs here, who seem at least to have solved the situation of Ambrose and Justina, and I will repair to the chapel yonder. It might be the fair Ilerda grows weary of waiting and would be amused!

ROMANIANUS

I will not monopolize the company of the esteemed martyrs! I will go with you. It must be nearly time for the service.

(They start up the nave together toward the chapel, Festus ahead. He has disappeared into the shadows when from out the dimness a dusky veiled figure slips, as Romanianus has passed by.)

THANIS

(Calling softly)- Romanianus!

(Romanianus comes to her, swiftly in long strides, thrusts aside her veil.)

ROMANIANUS

Thanis! - here?

THANIS

I had to come, Romanianus. No one knows. I had to see you before ---

ROMANIANUS

Yes, I understand. Go on, Thanis.

(Thanis throws back her mantle. She is dressed in a simple rose-colored robe. Even in her whiteness and agitation, her personality leaps out of the shadows like the coming of dawn.)

THANIS

Romanianus - Augustine will be baptized.

ROMANIANUS

It seems so, without any doubt.

THANIS

And - my son.

ROMANIANUS

Even so.

THANIS

I want you to know how I feel.

ROMANIANUS

I am honored.

THANIS

I speak not the whole of what is in my heart, but what I can I speak.

ROMANIANUS

(Gravely)- I am truly moved.

THANIS

I am a priestess of the stars, descended from the ancient Tanith; (she includes the basilica in the movement of her hand)- my faith is not this faith. It seems to shut one away from the light of the heavens, the light of the great all-time. I feel stifled. I do not understand.

ROMANIANUS

I likewise.

THANIS

Yet to some it is real. One cannot discredit the noble bishop, Ambrose, he has given his life to it. These martyrs - they were willing to die for it. Even Monnica -

ROMANIANUS

Speak not of her -

THANIS

Though my desire to blot her out is as black as the clouds that rush over the heavens in a storm, yet do I know that to her this faith is as real as life itself. --- And now - what shall I say of Augustine?

ROMANIANUS

Thanis - this is of such pain to you -

THANIS

Yet it must be - there are things I must say. And the time is short. A vision came to Augustine. Long has his heart been troubled. He has seen this God as the one greatest thing in life, the one Beauty, the one Love. -- What could he do but follow his great Light?

(Romanianus bows his head. Light comes more fully upon the altar. Thanis waits. Romanianus raises his head.)

ROMANIANUS

Where will it lead?

THANIS

That is what I do not know - till this hour. It shall be revealed. Of this one thing I desire you to be sure - preserve it for my son. Only Augustine's God shall take him from Thanis. All else will I bring to naught as the light of the sun disperses the fog. Only his own vision shall shut me from his life. It is his to decide. When he comes to baptism this morning, the light will come into his heart. I shall not be here. I, too, must be loyal to my faith. But afterward, for a moment, we have agreed that I shall come to him here as he prays alone at the altar of his new faith. He will give me a sign. I shall know. If he is bidden to serve at the shrine of his God, unfettered forever by the love of woman, it shall be as his God shall will. No longer will I keep burning within him the fire that shall hold him from his true altar.

ROMANIANUS

And you - Thanis?

(Only once does she give way to her emotion. She clasps her hands, for a single moment, raises them to her breast, pause - drops them)

THANIS

Carthage awaits me, and the faith of my fathers. I am a priestess of the ancient faith, it never dies. And Romanianus -

ROMANIANUS

I am yours -

THANIS

If I go to Carthage ----my son.

(Romanianus suddenly goes on his knees and kisses her robe.)

THANIS

Friend! A mother's love gives you gratitude! (He rises) As long as you can, as far as you are able, will you keep alive in my son the love of his faith, the faith of the eternal stars, and -- the love of his mother?

(Romanianus raises his right hand, looking into her eyes, as she looks steadily into his.)

ROMANIANUS

I swear - by the -

THANIS

(Quickly)- By no oath but the respect you bear for a mother's love.

ROMANIANUS

By that - I swear!

(Sound of far-off singing comes - the chapel door opens and the neophytes begin to enter, singing. Hastily Thains sweeps her mantle about her.)

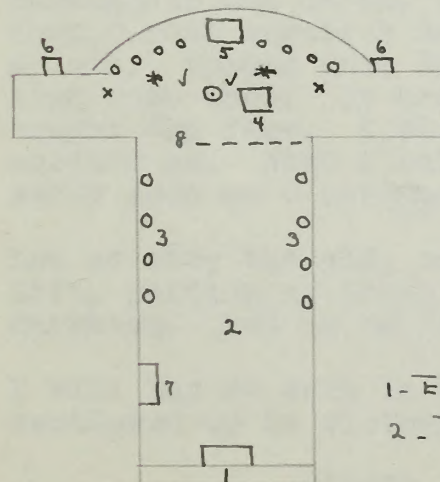
THANIS

I conjure you - remember your promise!

(The singing grows in volume. Thanis and Romanianus turn - darkness blots them out.)

(The light now shows the font and altar, center. At left front, where it is mostly shadow, the beginning of rows of seats can be seen. In front, on the very end, nearest the altar, Monnica can be seen, and one or two others, very dimly. The sanctuary lamp is suspended over the altar and the Cross)

Plan of the Basilica and Order of Baptism



- 1- Corridor, with entrance doors
- 2- Nave
- 3- Columns
- 4- Baptismal font
- 5- Altar
- 6- Chapel

- 7- Relics of the martyrs
- 8- Seats
- x - Taper bearers
- * - Censer bearers
- ✓ - Priests
- o - Bishop

Order of Baptism

- 1- Enter neophytes (6, right). They sit, 8.
- 2- Enter 6, right - two censer bearers, with lighted censers. Stand *, left and right.
- 3- Enter 6, right - Two taper bearers, with lighted tapers. Stand x, left and right
- 4- Enter (same) one priest alone } heads
- 5- Enter (same) one priest alone } uncovered
- 6- Enter (same) Bishop, alone.

(The bishop wears a white, modified form of toga,
a chasuble, and mitre.

Augustine wears a yellow toga, Adeodatus a crimson
tunic.

On arriving at the lowest step before the altar, the
bishop, standing between the two priests, signs
himself with the sign of the Cross, then joins his
hands before his breast, saying in a clear voice:)

BISHOP

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the
Holy Ghost.

PRIESTS

Amen.

BISHOP

The Lord be with you.

PRIESTS

And with thy spirit.

(Organ music - enter Augustine, followed by Adeo-
datus. They take their places in front of the
bishop.)

BISHOP

It is truly meet and right, proper and healthful,
that thou, Augustine, present thyself for holy bap-
tism. Thou being sponsor for thy son Adeodatus, shall
in due time make for him the response, assuming his
nurture in the Lord. -- Make thou thy confession
before God and the people.

(Augustine faces the people, his hands joined
together before his breast.)

AUGUSTINE

O God, for thy Name's sake, which thou hast hallowed
throughout the earth, this is my vow and purpose.
Thou, O most merciful God, hast pardoned and remitted
my sin. Thanks unto thee, my Lord, I am thine. I
sing unto thee. My heart hath said unto thee, I have
sought thy face. I bless thee, rejoicing. Thou hast
subdued me. When I called, thou didst hear me. Have
mercy upon me O Lord and hear my prayer.

Let me stay the old, and commence the purpose of a new
life, putting my trust in thee. I have been in great
darkness. Let me be light in thee.

I will lay me down in peace and sleep - death is
swallowed up in victory. Amen.

BISHOP

Amen. --- Hear thou the renunciations.
Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works?

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

THE END

Adm.

THE END

The end is with you.

THE END

And with you, the end.

(From the - after Augustus, followed by the end. The end is with you.)

THE END

It is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

(Augustus, the end is with you, the end is with you.)

THE END

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

Let us stay the night, and see what the purpose of a new life, making my trust in God, I have been in great distress. Let me be light in God.

I will not be down in peace and sleep - death is swallowed up in victory. Amen.

THE END

There is a great deal of work to be done, and it is not yet finished.

AUGUSTINE

I renounce.

BISHOP

Dost thou renounce the world and its pleasures?

AUGUSTINE

I renounce.

BISHOP

Be mindful of thy words, and never let the contents of thy bond pass from thy memory.

(Bishop then turns to the font, signing the water with the Cross. Turns again to Augustine and Adeodatus.)

Profess now thy faith, in the form of the Creed.
Dost thou believe in God, the Father Almighty?

AUGUSTINE

I believe.

(Bishop makes once the sign of the Cross on the heads of Augustine and Adeodatus.)

BISHOP

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ and his Cross?

AUGUSTINE

I believe.

(Bishop baptizes again.)

BISHOP

Dost thou believe also in the Holy Spirit?

AUGUSTINE

I believe.

(Bishop baptizes a third time.)

BISHOP

Amen.

(The Bishop then vests with white robes both Augustine and Adeodatus, who rise for the ceremony, taking the robes from the priests, one on each side)

BISHOP

God the Father hath sealed thee, Christ the Lord hath confirmed thee, and hath given the earnest of the spirit in thy heart. (He joins his hands before his breast) It is truly meet and right, proper and healthful, that we give thanks unto thee, Father Almighty, everlasting God; for today we celebrate the coming of thy Holy Spirit, the wonderful worker of unity in a diversity of gifts, the cause of the one true faith.

ANALYST

I believe

THINK

Best then remember the world and its pleasures

ANALYST

I believe

THINK

the talent of the words, and never let the content
of the word pass your eye empty.

(Thinking then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

Stevens and the artist, in the form of the word,
does not believe in the, the artist himself?

ANALYST

I believe

(Thinking then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

THINK

Best then remember in the word and his tongue

ANALYST

I believe

(Thinking then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

THINK

Best then remember in the word and his tongue

ANALYST

I believe

(Thinking then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

THINK

I believe

(The word then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

Thinking then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

THINK

God the Father, with sealed lips, that the word
should be the word, and that the word
is in the word. The word is the word
it is only word and right, word and right,
that we give them into the word, word and right,
thinking then turns to the word, seeing the color
with the tongue. Some again to the tongue and
the tongue.)

BISHOP

We rejoice, we sing to thy glory. Amen.

(Augustine and Adeodatus rise.)

Keep thy baptism without blame; observe God's commandments, that thou mayest obtain eternal life.

Go in peace and the Lord be with thee.

(Augustine and Adeodatus go out, left. Neophytes go out right; they continue singing antiphonally after they are off stage. Others go off in reverse order from entrance. Voices continue singing in distance. Lights dim.)

From time to time the far-off voices are heard singing. The two tall tapers still burn at the sides of the altar. After an interval the door into chapel, left, opens, letting in a soft wave of song, closes again. The figure of Augustine is seen in the shadow, still in the white robe. He comes to altar, kneels. His voice is heard in prayer.)

AUGUSTINE

Let the light of thy countenance be sealed upon me, O God; let thy law be in my heart; let thy voice flow into my ears, and thy truth distil into my heart.

(As he prays, Thanis slips out of the shadows and comes slowly down the aisle, hesitating every few steps, not as though in weakness, but not quite knowing what to do. She approaches the altar, finally emerging into a pale shaft of light, right. The light shows dimly over Augustine's kneeling figure. If he is conscious of her presence, he does not show it by moving or turning toward her. She waits. Once or twice she stretches her arms toward him, but she makes no sound.)

After thee do I grope; if thou desert me, I perish. No man, seeking thee aright, has failed to find thee - thou thyself dost cause us to love thee.

(Thanis listens, a figure of unearthly beauty in the dim light, flaming, alive in her very despair, hope rising, dying, at his words)

Let nothing befall in place of thyself! Let me, I implore thee, find thee now. If there is in me the desire for something other than thyself -

(Thanis sways toward him, her arms half upraised) do thou thyself purify me - make me fit to look upon thee.

(Her arms drop again)

Convert me in my inmost self to thee - let nothing oppose

(The life in Thanis seems to struggle)

Command that I may be pure, and just, and prudent, fit for thy most blessed kingdom. -- If there be those alien to thee - (he pauses a moment, Thanis is hushed) - those to whom the very stars send down their secrets -

(Thanis stretches one hand toward him as though she would spring to his side)
show us that the stars are but the lesser lights in thy heavens -

(Thanis' hand sinks)
that they pale before the sun, the sun of the glory of the one true and only God, thyself.

(There is no longer the movement toward him)
Comfort our hearts, still our fears.
If the tumult of our living rises - (his voice trembles) -
if our thoughts stray from thee, do thou thyself purify us, make us fit to look upon thee. Calm the passion of our hearts -

(Thanis straightens, as though struggling to breathe) -
receive us, oh receive us - Father and guardian of our hearts. -- Turn this, the night of our seeking, into the day of thy presence.

Thou, who hast given thine only-begotten Son -

(Thanis, after one startled look at him, drops to her knees)

teach us, that the love of a father may be strength, that the love of a mother may be an eternal fragrance, rising day and night to the very throne of God.

(Thanis bows her face to the very ground -
then rising slowly, she says by every line of her body - "It is finished".)

Receive us, fleeing unto thee. May thy compassion go with us.

(Augustine raises his clasped hands to the Cross on the altar. Its light falls over him as in benediction.

Thanis wraps her mantle around her, and is quietly lost in the shadows as she came.

The voices are heard very faint and far-off, singing Deus Creator Omnium.

Suddenly from out the near shadows, left, comes the voice of Monnica. She is not seen.

MONNICA

Blessed art thou, O Lord God, who art able to do abundantly above that which we ask or think! Thou hast turned our mourning into joy, and our heaviness into peace.

(Augustine bends forward, till his face touches the ground, resting on his clasped hands.)

The light grows very dim, Augustine remains bowed; the voices in the distance grow fainter, still singing on.

(The old woman came forward and laid her hand on his shoulder)
 the world is full of love (she said)
 show us that the stars are like the human beings in the
 heavens -
 (The old woman said to him)
 that they were before the sun, the moon and the stars of
 the sky and only now, they are
 (There is no longer the same old woman)
 (The old woman said to him)
 if the world is not living again - (his voice answered)
 if our world is not living again, do not say that
 it is, for it is not living again. This is the answer
 to our hearts -
 (The old woman said to him)
 remember me, oh remember me - (The old woman said to him)
 remember me - (The old woman said to him)
 the day of my death -
 (The old woman said to him)
 that, my dear, when I am dead - (The old woman said to him)
 (The old woman said to him)
 remember me, that the love of a father may be remembered
 that the love of a mother may be remembered (The old woman said to him)
 living for and dying for the love of God -
 (The old woman said to him)
 that living always, the love is every time of love
 love - "it is finished")
 (The old woman said to him)
 with me.

(The old woman said to him)
 on the altar. The light falls over him as in former
 times.
 (The old woman said to him)
 that, my dear, when I am dead - (The old woman said to him)
 (The old woman said to him)
 the voice and heard very faint and far-off,
 singing that sweet melody.
 (The old woman said to him)
 suddenly from out the dark shadows, felt, some
 the voice of a mother. She is not dead.

THE END
 (The old woman said to him)
 (The old woman said to him)
 that, my dear, when I am dead - (The old woman said to him)
 (The old woman said to him)
 the voice and heard very faint and far-off,
 singing that sweet melody.
 (The old woman said to him)
 suddenly from out the dark shadows, felt, some
 the voice of a mother. She is not dead.

(From out the far shadows, right, comes a child's clear voice, very softly, hardly more than a whisper.)

ADEODATUS

Mother!

(Again it comes, louder, a note of fear creeping in)

Mother!

(For one instant, in the shaft of light from the altar, is seen the childish figure of Adeodatus, his little crimson tunic showing under his white baptismal robe. Into the stillness comes a wild little cry.)

ADEODATUS

I want my mother!

CURTAIN

PART III

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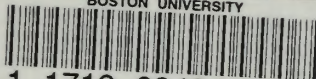
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